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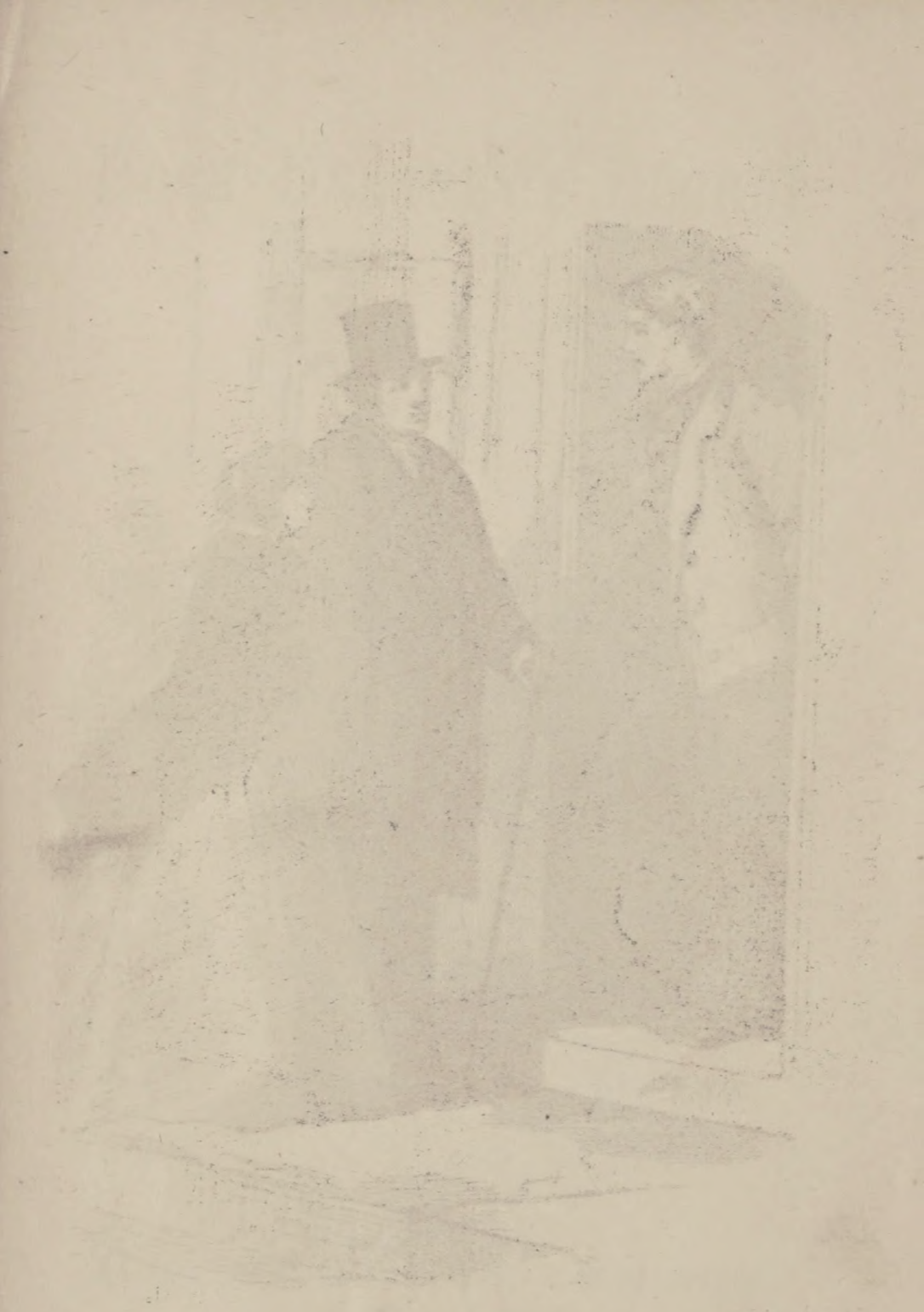
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James Watson and son, 1850.

James Watson.

James Watson.



Rose Delaney at her aunt's door.

Rose Delaney.

Frontispiece. —

See p. 31.

ROSE DELANEY'S SECRET.

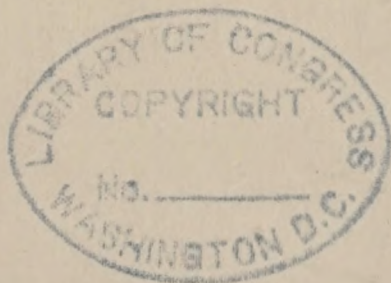
✓
Harriet B. McKeever

BY THE AUTHOR OF

"MAY CASTLETON'S MISSION," "THE DIAMOND CROSS,"

"EDITH'S MINISTRY," &c., &c.

"CHARITY ENVIETH NOT."



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ROSE DELANEY'S SECRET.

CHAPTER I.

ROCKDALE PARSONAGE.

“Charity envieth not.”

It is a lovely rural home; a sweet bird's nest of a house, and we call it Rockdale Parsonage. Built in cottage style, with its pointed roof, its shaded porch, its broad bay-window, it attracts the eye by its beauty; and a traveler would scarcely pass by without asking, who dwelt in that pretty cottage.

Situated on the brow of a hill sloping towards the road by a grassy lawn, the walks are tastefully laid out, and flowers of varied hues adorn the bor-

ders. Over the porch of the cottage is trained a running rose, and along the sides of the house sweet brier and clematis intermingled.

Very fine shade trees are seen towering upward at the back of the dwelling, and everywhere there seems an atmosphere of perfect neatness, of quiet beauty and tranquility.

The upper windows are in sight of the village church, the spire of which, is at all times pointing heavenward, to the family at the parsonage.

We will select a summer evening for our first peep at the dwellers in that pleasant home. There is a vestibule in front of the house, filled with choice pot-flowers, the glass door of which opens into the dwelling.

A lady is stepping out, accompanied by a little girl nine years old. The

former is simply dressed, and has a mild, benevolent face, that smiles pleasantly on the child holding her hand.

Presently, a girl of fifteen appears, leading out a gentleman, certainly in the dress of a clergyman.

He is a delicate-looking man, with an intellectual face, and an expression of saintly serenity rests upon his features.

We could almost fancy that there must be some resemblance between this holy man, and the heavenly-minded Herbert, whose poetry yet blesses the Christian church.

The gentleman is the Rev. George Delaney; the lady, his wife; the elder girl his daughter Rose, and the youngest, sweet Mary Bell.

“You look so tired, papa,” said Rose,

"I think that you might rest a little while," for he had left his study reluctantly.

"I am somewhat wearied, my dear, for I have been to-day among scenes of suffering and death; but it is good to go to the house of mourning."

"Yet there was great comfort in Mrs. Bentley's death, my dear," said the wife.

"Yes; joy unspeakable and full of glory cheered the departing saint."

"Christians need not be afraid to die, papa," said Rose, "when they think of the blessed promises to those who sleep in Jesus."

"They who truly believe in the Lord Jesus, need fear nothing, my daughter; it is sweet and blessed to live, and equally blessed to die."

Rose drew closer to her father;

throwing her arms around him, she said,

“How happy we are! dear papa, for we all have a hope of heaven! how sweet to think of a whole family there!”

“Yes, my darling, it is a precious hope; but if it is my Father’s will, I would desire to glorify him here below a little longer; we have many things which make our earthly home very pleasant, Rose.”

“Let me show you some of my flowers, papa,” said the young girl, as she led him down the garden walks.

“See! these lovely moss-rose buds. Was there ever anything more charming, papa? My bush has three, and Mary’s four buds. Do you know, papa, that I really love these beautiful flowers?”

"They are sometimes called 'the smiles of God,' Rose. I often think what a lovely world this will be when noxious weeds will all disappear, and the earth literally 'bud and blossom as the rose.' "

"When will that be, papa?"

"When the curse shall be removed, Rose."

And so father and daughter continued their holy converse, until the evening shades warned them to return to the porch.

"This is very pleasant, papa, but I must go in a little while, for I have not yet heard Rachel her evening lessons," and Rose hurried out to the kitchen to teach the little serving-maid to read and write.

And very patiently did the young lady bear with Rachel's dullness, and

encourage her efforts ; the grateful smile and pleasant words at the end of the lesson were very cheering.

“Miss Rose, I am really getting along ; don't you think so ?”

“Yes, Rachel, patience and perseverance will conquer at last ; won't it be nice if you can write a letter to your mother in a few months ?”

Rachel's eyes glistened. “I can never thank you enough, Miss Rose ; but here is something you like, Miss,” and she handed her young lady a small saucer of the first strawberries.

“Thank you, Rachel, but these belong to papa ; he is very tired to-night,” and away ran Rose to her father. “Here are some of our first strawberries, papa, I know that you will enjoy them,” and the daughter

was much more pleased to give to her weary father, than to eat them herself.

A few of the friends of the family, members of Mr. Delaney's congregation, called in the evening. Rose entertained them with some of her most delightful music. A few minutes later, and the sound of the evening hymn closed the day at the parsonage.

To a spectator who had watched the lovely features of the landscape without, and the aspect of the dwellers in this peaceful house, the idea of perfect harmony would suggest itself.

Assembled one morning around the breakfast table, papa took a letter from his pocket.

"Here is an invitation for you, Rose, to spend the winter with Aunt Roscoe; she thinks that there would be very superior advantages for your

improvement in music; what do you think of it, my dear?"

Rose's countenance fell. "Leave this dear home for bustling, noisy New York, papa? How can I do it?"

"You would live in great style with Aunt Roscoe; a splendid house, elegant carriage, and plenty of fashionable company," and papa smiled rather comically, for he knew how little his simple-hearted country child cared for these empty vanities.

"I don't care for such things, papa, for I don't believe anything there is half so lovely, as our pleasant lawn, and rose-covered porch."

"But seriously, Rose, there would be many advantages enjoyed in one of the best schools, with the instruction of a professor of music. Some of

these days, I look forward to your being my organist; do you know that, daughter?"

Rose smiled. "That is really an inducement, papa, but nothing else could tempt me to leave this dear old home, where I have spent all my life."

After breakfast, the matter was seriously considered between the pastor and his wife.

"There are many temptations, husband, for a young and inexperienced girl," said the anxious mother, "in such scenes as she will meet in a great city. How should we feel if her pure piety were soiled in such an atmosphere?"

"I do not fear, my love; Rose's character is uncommonly decided; her love of home, and all its simple pleas-

ures unquenchable. I do not think that the splendors of a palace could draw her heart away from Rockdale; and most of all, I believe that she is a real Christian, under the care of the good Shepherd; and you know, dear, that the secret of the Lord is with them that fear him."

And so it was decided, that early in the autumn, Rose Delaney should go to the metropolis, and spend the winter with Aunt Roscoe.

During the summer, mamma was busy in making preparations for so long an absence. Their means were very limited; Mr. Delaney's salary small; consequently, a great deal of managing, turning, and altering, and even the sacrifice of some of her own clothing was necessary to make even a decent outfit; but when Rose saw

the pretty crimson merino, her one new dress, so neatly made and trimmed, she thought in her simplicity, that few would have a prettier dress than she.

As, one by one, Rose saw the garments finished, her eyes filled with grateful tears, for she knew how much time and thought they had cost her dear mother.

Many a young girl would have been in ecstasies of delight at the thought of a gay winter in New York, with the charm of new faces and new scenes, generally so fascinating to the young, but not so with Rose. She could imagine nothing sweeter than her home, dearer than her parents and sister, or more holy and satisfying than her village church, where she had been received into the "communion of the saints."

But autumn at length arrived; her preparations were made, her farewells spoken to her young friends, familiar spots visited, and the last evening, so much dreaded, had actually come. Her young friend, Annabel Dacre, came to spend its last hours with her dear Rose. A girlish friendship had existed between them since their childish days; all their pleasures were shared together, and the intimacy had been overshadowed by no clouds of coldness or dissension.

“I hope you will not forget me, Rose, when you get to your grand home,” said Annabel; “everything will be so different from this humble village.”

“Yes, Annabel, very different; for with such a home as mine, I can imagine nothing in New York that I can

possibly envy. I have been looking over 'Godey's Lady's Book,' and really, the images of the poor little overdressed children that I expect to see, seem to me quite ludicrous."

"I was there last spring, Rose, and it did look so foolish to me to see such young girls parading Broadway, with their dresses loaded with trimming, gallanted by a parcel of silly boys. I can tell you I used to long for old Rockdale."

"The only thing that makes me willing to leave home, is the hope that I may so improve in music, that I may be able to take charge of the organ; then I shall help papa so much, for he has had such trouble with the choir."

"You are going among very gay people, Rose; I hope that they will

not tempt you to forget your Christian vows, dear."

"I must walk near my Saviour, day by day, and I am sure that he will guide my wandering steps. Promise me to write at least once a week. I shall be so anxious to hear often from home."

"I promise, dear, for I shall miss you so constantly,"

"Now there is one thing I want you to do for me while I am gone, and that is to take charge of Rachel's lessons; she is progressing so well, I should be sorry that she should miss her daily instruction."

Annabel promised, and after exchanging farewell gifts, and many tearful words, the friends parted.

Mamma, too, had her last words to say; and entering Rose's room after

she had retired, precious were the counsels of this faithful parent.

“You are going into a world wholly different from home, my daughter, and you will encounter many temptations; remember that you are a professed disciple of the dear Redeemer, and must let your light shine all around you.”

“I am very young, mamma, and in myself, I am very weak, but I do hope that Jesus is my strength.”

“Do not put on any affected manners of sanctimonious gravity, Rose; remember that real piety is full of sunshine,—be natural, be obliging in every way that does not affect your practice as a Christian; seek for a spirit of love, real, heart-felt, Christ-like; and then if your heart is full of charity, it will beam in every action and word of your daily life; love pen-

etrates the very hardest and most worldly hearts."

"Thank you, dear mamma, for all your tenderness and fidelity; but what shall I do without you?" said Rose, leaning her head upon her mother's shoulder.

"You will be remembered in our daily prayers, dear; cherish a spirit of contentment, Rose; you will see around you many things which will contrast strongly with your humble village home; but remember, that charity, that love which you profess, which 'envieth not.'"

"What can there be for me to envy, dear mamma, so blessed as I am?"

"The human heart is very deceitful, my daughter, and when you are brought into contact with wealth that leaves no room for self-denial, and

luxury that knows no privation, you may unconsciously be led to wish that there were less cause in our humble home, for strict economy, and careful household thrift."

"I do not feel so now, mamma, for nothing seems to compare with this dear home, even though we had need of more frugal living still."

The morning came, and papa was ready at an early hour, to hand Rose to the carriage that was to take her from Rockdale.

A hasty farewell to dear mamma, and weeping little Mary, and Rose entered the carriage, watching with a sad and mournful countenance the familiar objects around the home of her childhood.

CHAPTER II.

FOOLISH CHAT.

"COME, Isabel, this is a delightful afternoon; I have called for you to take a walk." Thus spoke Ida Nevins, a very fashionably-dressed girl, to Isabel Roscoe.

"I am sorry that I must not go, Ida, but I am expecting a country cousin, who is coming to spend the winter with us, and go to school with me to Miss Hart."

"What is her name, Isabel?"

"Rose Delaney; she is the daughter of a country clergyman, and I suppose a very demure, little simpleton, I shall find her."

"I would not stay, Isabel; your mother can receive her as well as you."

"Mamma will not be troubled about her," replied Isabel, "for she will be lying down, and would not be disturbed for my cousin; so you see, I must stay for decency's sake."

"Has she ever been to New York, Bell?"

"No; she has never been beyond the neighborhood of her own little village, and has always associated with plain country people."

"Wouldn't I like to see her arrival? She will be quite confounded at the sight of your magnificence; how I should like to hear the questions of her country curiosity, for I suppose that she will know nothing of city manners."

"You forget, Ida, that her mother and mine were sisters, so that she cannot be quite such a rustic as you suppose; but I do expect that she will be almost struck dumb by my beautiful dresses."

"Let me see your last new silk, Bell," and the young girls proceeded to Isabel's room. Taking an elegant blue silk from the wardrobe, she displayed it before the eyes of her silly young friend. Ida, filled with envy at the sight, for she had not one dress to compare with the superb silk, and then Isabel had many such, said,

"This is really very pretty, Bell, but Adelaide Holland's is much more beautiful; I should think her dress must have cost four dollars a yard, but plenty like this could be bought for two."

"That shows your ignorance, Ida; mamma gave four dollars and fifty cents for this, and Madame Le Blanc charged twenty dollars for the making."

"It does not show what it is then, Bell, for Adelaide's was much more showy."

Isabel looked displeased at her friend's remark, and replied,

"You would have no objection to one like it, Ida."

"Will you introduce your country cousin into your circle, Bell?"

"I must see what she is made of, first; if she is a gawk, I shall keep her out of sight, I can assure you."

"Well, I must go, Bell; for I promised to meet Charles Dennis at the Park, and he will be so disappointed;" as she said these words, she smiled

maliciously, for she knew that Isabel was the one whom he expected.

Isabel ran to the clock. "I do think that I shall have time for a short walk; wait a minute, Ida;" and in a few minutes, regardless of the laws of hospitality, she accompanied Ida to the Park.

Her conscience reproached her at first somewhat uncomfortably, but rambling round the grounds, the time flew rapidly, and when Charles invited the young ladies to go to an ice-cream saloon, she had quite forgotten her country cousin, and chatted on until the time for the arrival of the cars had long passed.

Turning towards home, Isabel remarked, with a mortified look, "I really do believe that it is almost din-

ner time; what will my uncle think of Rose's reception?"

"You need not mind," said Ida, "at any rate, I suppose that they are tired, and have been lying down."

"Will you call upon Rose?" said Bell, to her friend.

"That depends upon circumstances," was the reply, with a toss of her silly head; "perhaps I may for your sake, Isabel; but isn't Charles handsome? I did not see one in the Park to compare with him this afternoon."

"He'll pass in a crowd," was the provoking answer, for Ida seemed bent on mortifying her particular friend, and commenced thus early in life to ape the manners of her elders in the world of fashion.

"Good-bye, dear; I wish you joy

of your visitor; amusement we shall have, I know, with your country girl."

"Good-bye, Ida," and Bell kissed her particular friend, (much such a kiss as is bestowed upon a tormentor, whom one wishes to propitiate,) and thought as she turned away, that Ida Nevins was too mean; first to undervalue her elegant silk dress, and then to speak slightingly of her elegant beau.

Isabel's first question on returning home, was concerning the travelers.

"Have they come?" inquired she, of the waiter at the door.

"Yes, miss, they have been here for an hour at least."

"What does my cousin look like, Patrick?"

"A very sweet young lady, miss;

she seemed quite disappointed at finding you not at home."

"What did my uncle say, Patrick?"

"He is a real gentleman, miss, and said nothing to me."

"Has any one seen them, Patrick?"

"No one, miss, for your mamma is lying down, and gave directions not to be disturbed."

"Where are they, Patrick?"

"The young lady is in the dressing-room of the green chamber, and her father is in the room adjoining."

Isabel hurried to her room, and finding that it was very near five o'clock, their dinner-hour, she prepared her toilet before seeking her cousin, determined to make a grand impression by the style of her costume.

CHAPTER III.

THE CONTRAST.

It was about three o'clock when Rose with her father drove up to her aunt's elegant mansion on the Fifth Avenue.

Ring the bell, a waiter appeared, who handed the visitors into the drawing-room, and then proceeded to announce the arrival. He returned with the intelligence that Mrs. Roscoe was lying down, and Miss Isabel had just stepped out with a friend, but had left word, should they arrive before her return, to conduct the strangers to their rooms.

Rose felt that this was a very inhospitable reception, and as she mounted the marble stair-case, the sight of the cold, pale statuary on the landing sent a chill through her heart, as she contrasted this freezing elegance with the heart-welcome which would have greeted the arrival of a relative at the parsonage; but the fine paintings that lined the hall and the walls of the stair-case attracted her gaze, and she anticipated the delight which a closer inspection would afford.

She had scarcely reached her room, ere Miss Isabel's waiting-maid appeared, and offered her services.

"We do not dine until five o'clock, Miss Rose; perhaps you would like to rest, after your long journey, for you must be tired," said the maid; "when you are ready to dress, if you will

ring, I shall not be far off, and will wait upon you."


Rose thanked the servant, with the assurance that she would not trouble her, as she was accustomed to wait upon herself.

Left alone, she could not but admire the elegant little room to which she had been shown, where everything that taste and luxury could furnish, had been richly bestowed.

Rose perceived a book of poetry lying upon a small table, and having made her simple toilet, seated herself, patiently waiting for her cousin.

Almost two hours passed ere she appeared, and the stranger really felt home-sick under the sense of loneliness, even in this pretty little room.

At length she heard footsteps approaching her room; presently the



door opened, and a young girl, dressed in the height of fashion, made her appearance.

“You must really excuse me, Cousin Rose; I did not know that the cars came in so early,” and she bestowed a cold, formal kiss upon the cheek of the warm-hearted girl, as she continued; “I have so many engagements, that I can scarcely call my time my own; this afternoon, Miss Nevins insisted that I should go with her to the Park, and I thought that I should certainly be back in time to receive you.” Ringing the bell, she ordered her cousin’s trunks over to her own room.

“I suppose that you would rather occupy a room with me, than to be alone; would you not, Rose?”

Rose had been listening very com-

posedly to Isabel's excuses, which she could not but consider very poor, and replied,

"Whatever my aunt thinks best, I am willing to do, Isabel."

The chamber was elegantly furnished with a rich Brussels carpet, rosewood furniture, and fine lace curtains, but Rose was too well-bred to notice anything, although there were several articles, the use of which she did not comprehend.

"It is nearly dinner-time, Rose, do you not wish to make your toilet?"

"I have already done so, cousin," was the modest reply.

Isabel looked somewhat contemptuously at the simple mouseline-de-laine, and plain linen collar; but could not deny that the rich brown hair was most tastefully arranged, and that her

cousin was really a very sweet, lady-like, little person, although she was not dressed in the height of the fashion.

"Are you fond of paintings, Rose?" inquired Isabel, as she directed her attention to several on the walls of her room.

"Yes, I admire everything that belongs to the fine arts; that landscape over the mantle-piece is splendid."

"Yes; it is by one of the best masters; papa gave six hundred dollars for that; but that very small one by the side of the dressing-table cost five hundred dollars; papa bought it at the Art exhibition last spring," and so she ran on telling Rose what large sums of money had been spent in the mere decorations of her room.

Opening her jewel case, she thought that her cousin would certainly be en-

chanted, and for awhile she did quietly admire the pretty trinkets ; but suddenly spying a neat little book-case, just as Isabel was displaying a magnificent diamond bracelet, away she flew.

“ Oh ! here’s a real treasure, Bell,” said the young girl, opening the door ; “ here are splendid old Milton, and good Cowper ; here are Montgomery, and Shakspeare, and Tennyson.”

“ Yes, there are some beautiful books there, Rose ; look at that copy of Byron ; it is one of the most expensively-bound books in New York ; and here is another,” handing an elegantly-decorated copy of Moore ; “ this book cost ten dollars.”

Rose was poring over an old copy of Longfellow, very much worn, and plainly bound. “ Do you know, Isabel,

that I would not give this copy with all its beautiful thoughts, for half a dozen such books as Moore and Byron, with their elegant binding; for there is not one impure word in all that Longfellow has ever written."

Isabel looked on and listened with perfect wonder; for she had never before seen a girl turn away from such a casket of jewels, to feast upon an old book.

But there lay the casket unnoticed, and Rose engrossed with her favorites.

"There is the dinner-bell, Rose," said her cousin; and conducted her to the dining-room.

"How are you, my dear?" said her aunt, as she touched the tips of her fingers, and left the shadow of a kiss upon her cheek.

The welcome of her uncle was rather

more cordial. Isabel was quite surprised, and not a little chagrined, as she observed the composure of her consin's manner; for here was this little country girl, whom she almost expected to annihilate with her splendor, seated calmly at the table, surrounded by all the style of the Fifth Avenue, evidently no more excited, than if accustomed to two servants all her life.

It was quite amusing even to her father, to see with what quiet, modest dignity his little Rose received the attentions of the two waiters, and conformed herself so entirely to the customs of society without blunders,

Her careful mother had explained several things which were wholly new to Rose, so that she neither drank out of the finger-bowls, nor forgot how to

place her knife and fork when she had done.

"I wonder how she learned," thought Isabel; "but there is Aunt Delaney, she knows all about refined society; I suppose that she has taught her."

After dinner, the party met in the drawing-room. Mrs. Roscoe had many questions to ask about her sister, and many suggestions to make about Rose's education.

Rose had never imagined anything so splendid as the furniture of this room; its rich carpet, lace curtains, richly carved furniture, its velvet lounges, the superb pictures and mirrors, with all those nameless elegancies which indicate a home of taste and wealth, were such as she had never seen before. But there she sat, admiring, yet composed, and apparently as much

at her ease as though accustomed all her life to this magnificence.

Her wise mother had placed a proper value upon these outward things, and taught Rose from her earliest days, that nothing was so much to be desired as a heart filled with love to God, a character conformed to his, and a mind highly cultivated and refined.

And yet her quick eye took in all the beauty of the furniture and decorations of the room, admired the rich colors of the carpet, the lovely pictures, and the pretty ornaments scattered everywhere.

“Do you play, Isabel?” asked Mr. Delaney.

“Yes, uncle; I have taken lessons for years, and am very fond of music.”

“Will you favor us, my dear?”

And Isabel seated herself at the in-

strument, and commenced one of the most brilliant operas of the season.

Her performance was certainly admirable for one so young; but Rose's father thought that he would rather hear one of his daughter's sweet songs, than the artistic music of the Grand Academy.

When Isabel had finished, Mrs. Roscoe requested a song from Rose.

"She will give you some wild wood-notes," said her father, as he led his daughter to the piano.

Modestly seating herself, and directed by her father, she sang with unaffected simplicity, yet with a most intelligent appreciation some of the sweetest of Mrs. Hemans' songs.

"She has a lovely voice, brother," said Mrs. Roscoe, "but it needs cultivation; it is very sweet, but lacks

compass; we shall bring it out this winter, Rose."

"I am glad that you are pleased, aunt," said the young girl; "I know but little about music, but I am determined to study hard this winter, and surprise papa when I go home."

Isabel tried several times to draw Rose's attention to different articles in the room, but the portfolio of elegant engravings, and some very richly illustrated books attracted her the most of the evening.

The time for retiring came, but with it no sweet evening hymn, no Bible-reading, no warm, heartfelt prayer. Rose deeply felt the contrast between this magnificent home, and her own sweet nest of holy love.

No sooner was she in her chamber, than Isabel began to display her nu-

merous dresses, her hats and mantles, and costly gifts.

“What do you want with so many dresses, Isabel?” she asked, “I should think that they would get old-fashioned before you are old enough to wear the half of them.”

Isabel laughed at Rose's simplicity.

“What do you mean, Rose? do you suppose that these are intended for my coming out?”

“Why you certainly don't wear such dresses, Isabel, and you a school-girl!”

“I certainly do, Miss Innocence; wouldn't you like to have some like them? Look at this elegant blue silk? it would just suit your style.”

“I wear such dresses! what ever put that thought into your head, Isabel?”

and Rose looked all the surprise that she expressed.

“I mean would you not like to be just like Isabel Roscoe, with such a rich father, and elegant home, and fine dresses? Now just own the truth, Rose?”

“No, indeed; I would not give my dear Rockdale home, for all that I have ever seen or heard of yet, and as to fine dresses, Isabel, I desire them less than anything in the wide world.”

“Let me see what you have brought with you, Rose.”

“I have just two mouseline-de-laines for school dresses, Isabel, one wrapper for my room, one green merino from last winter, and a beautiful new crimson merino which mamma made for me.”

“And is that all, Rose? no silk

dress! how will you ever do without one?"

"I forgot, Bell, I have one black silk waist, and a skirt of blue poplin; and I think I have a very nice wardrobe, indeed; quite enough for me."

"Let me see your hat, Rose."

And as she took out her black beaver, with velvet trimming, and showed it to her cousin, Belle could not help laughing.

"Why, Rose, that is only fit for a school hat; what do you expect to wear to school, child?"

"What I wore in the cars; I think it is quite good enough."

"This will never do, Rose. Mamma will not allow her niece to appear in such common clothes; there will have to be a change, I can assure you; the New York girls would all look down

upon you, Rose, for the scholars at Miss Hart's are from the first families."

Rose smiled at Isabel's energy on this subject, as she replied,

"There is a great difference in the means of our parents, Isabel, but I have never desired anything better than mine can give me, and I am perfectly contented and happy in my lot."

Rose commenced undressing, and seating herself at the little table, read her chapter in the Bible, and then committed herself in holy, humble prayer to the keeping of her Father in heaven.

Isabel looked on, for this was all new to this spoiled child of the world.

"I wonder if she is a Methodist," thought the young girl; "but I have

always heard that they are disagreeable, and I am sure she is not; there is some secret here; I wonder what it is."

Isabel hurried into bed.

"Do you never pray, Bell?" asked Rose.

"Oh, yes; I always say the Lord's prayer before I go to sleep."

"That is not praying as I have been taught.

"It is all that I have ever learned, and it is quite enough for me." And so the two cousins composed themselves for sleep.

Mr. Roscoe was quite pleased with his little niece, and remarked to his wife,

"What a well-bred little girl she is! but her mother is a very superior

woman, and I suppose has trained this child very carefully."

"Yes; I was quite surprised at her self-possession, but you know, James, that ours is gentle blood, and it will show itself."

Next morning, Rose was awaked by the (to her) strange cries in the streets of New York, and as she was accustomed to early rising, she was soon up and dressed. Going to the front windows, she missed the green trees, the spire of the village church, and the singing of birds. A feeling of heart-yearning for home crept over her, and a few tears sprang to her eyes, as she thought of dear mamma, and sweet sister Mary, who would miss her when her eyes first opened in the morning, to find that she was alone.

But taking her Bible, she read her

chapter, and spent a sweet season in humble prayer, while her cousin still slept soundly.

Long she waited to hear the breakfast bell; a very tedious time it seemed; at length, when it did ring, Isabel opened her eyes, saying, "What are you about, Rose?"

"I have been dressed for an hour, Isabel; is not that the breakfast-bell?"

"Why, no, you little simpleton, that is the rising bell; we shall not have breakfast for an hour yet; but go down into the library, Rose, you will find plenty of amusement there."

Taking her cousin's hint, Rose sought the room, and there met her father.

"This is very different from home, papa; I am sure it is almost two hours later than our breakfast time."

"Yes, my dear, city customs are not

like ours; but you must try to conform to them without complaint."

"I shall do so, but I fear that I shall miss the helps that I have had at home in living a Christian life. If those around me are full of worldliness, I shall be in danger of falling into their ways."

"You certainly will be thus tempted, Rose, and you will have need to watch yourself closely lest you yield. But with watchfulness and prayer on your part, I do not fear for you. God's aid is ever ready and sufficient for those who seek it. Be on your guard against the temptation to neglect prayer and your Bible.

"A prayerful heart is not easily led astray. With the presence of God remembered and enjoyed, the world

cannot gain an entrance at the door of the Christian soul."

Mr. Delaney's duties called him home. After breakfast, Rose found herself quite alone; for no loneliness is like that where the heart has nothing to rest upon, and Rose soon felt that there was but little communion of spirit for her in Aunt Roscoe's splendid dwelling.

CHAPTER IV.

CITY AMUSEMENTS.

“WHAT say you to a drive?” asked Aunt Roscoe, “you must see our lions, Rose.”

“It would give me great pleasure, dear aunt; at what time must I be ready?”

“About eleven o'clock. We will drive to the Central Park this morning.”

At the appointed hour, Rose, in company with her aunt and cousin, entered an elegant barouche with coachman and footman. Her plain costume contrasted strongly with the

rich carriage dress of her relatives, but she was too much interested in the new scenes which surrounded her, to be much affected by these things.

On reaching the Park, her delight was unbounded, for she was a lover of the beauties of nature. The paths, the lakes, the ramble, the beautiful swans, the hill and dale on this bright morning, actually transported our country girl. She listened with surprise to her cousin's remarks, not with reference to the beauties which met them everywhere, but about the people whom they met in their equipages.

"There, Rose! did you see that lady who just passed us?"

"What lady, Bell?" was the innocent reply.

"The one with that elegant hat, and

superb mantle; that was the great belle, Mrs. Sorelle."

"I did not observe her, Bell; I was looking at these lovely pictures."

"What pictures do you see, Rose?"

"Pictures of everything that is lovely; the bright sky, the smooth, green grass, the hill and dale, the beautiful swans; I cannot think of anything else, Bell."

"Well! you are a strange girl, Rose; one would think that you had been accustomed all your life to elegance."

"I have not, Cousin Bell, but mamma has told me so much about the folly of mere outside show, that I am really more interested by beautiful flowers and scenery, than by fine dresses."

"Don't you admire our horses, Rose? they are considered magnifi-

cent, by good judges. Papa gave three thousand dollars for them."

"They are handsome animals, Bell, and I certainly do admire them, and these carriages are very grand; but I suppose that you will laugh again, when I say that I would not give our good old Bob, and our little rockaway, for all the splendid vehicles that I have seen in the Park."

"Why do you think so much of your old country horse and wagon, Rose?"

Rose turned her beaming eyes upon her cousin's face, as she replied,

"As long as I remember, we have used the same carriage, and good old Bob is just like a friend; he is just as wise as a dog, and knows us all—to be sure he is not very handsome, and he is growing old now, but he is very

good and kind, and has been a faithful horse to dear papa."

Bell listened with amazement, for she could not imagine how a simple country girl could possibly see all the splendor of city life, and not be filled with envy.

She did not know the secret of that love of God which so filled Rose's young heart as to shut out every envious thought; for had she not the wealth of domestic love, and the sure hope of a mansion in the skies! Could the butterfly revelling in all the freedom of its new existence, envy the grub in its chrysalis state? or could the inheritor of a crown of glory, envy the possessor of that which must perish in the using? Poor Isabel! how little she knew of the exquisite delight with which Rose drank in at every

sense the beauty by which she was surrounded.

"Thank you, dear aunt," said the young girl, "for this charming ride; what would I give if dear papa and mamma, and sister Mary could have been with us in the carriage."

"Now my dear," said Mrs. Roscoe, "we will take a ride down Broadway; your hat will do very well for school, but you must have something a little more tasteful, if you would be a companion of Isabel."

"Do you think it necessary, aunt," said Rose; "mamma is very averse to showy dress for a plain country minister's daughter."

"But remember, while you are with us, you are my niece, and Isabel's cousin, and must appear accordingly."

Stopping at a fashionable milliner's,

Mrs. Roscoe tried on a variety of beautiful hats, all richly trimmed with feathers and flowers.

“That is very becoming,” said Bell.

“This will never do, dear aunt. I know mamma would disapprove of such a hat for me; pray let me choose a plainer one;” and Rose selected a simple hat with a bunch of fall flowers; then a neat black silk was added to her wardrobe; and she was glad when she felt that the scrutiny of her dress was over at least for to-day.

In a few days, Bell informed her cousin that she expected a few young friends to spend the evening with her.

“Put on your best dress, Rose, for these young ladies dress in the height of fashion.”

“I will wear my poplin skirt and white body. Will that do, Bell?”

“It will be very different from the rest, Rose.”

The young ladies assembled, about ten in number, dressed in rich silks, with hair enclosed in nets ornamented with crystal beads, some with wax, and all loaded with jewelry.

There was one young girl about her own age, in company with a lady, whose appearance at once attracted Rose; Miss Mary Gibson, and her niece, Emily, both dressed in simple second mourning.

Rose sat apart from the giddy group, listening to the empty talk of the frivolous girls; several of whom were introduced to the country cousin. They conversed about the opera, the theatre, and the fashions; but finding her utterly unacquainted with any of these follies, they voted her quite a

quiz, and left Rose, much to her joy, to the companionship of Miss Gibson and her niece.

This lady was delighted with the intelligence of her companion, for she manifested familiarity with the best writers, and was quite at home with English poetry.

Turning over the leaves of the portfolio which lay on the parlor table, she seemed at once to recognize many of the lovely scenes there portrayed, for she had read extensively with her father, and exhibited marks of a highly cultivated taste for one so young.

“Where did you go to school, my dear?” inquired the lady.

“I have had small advantages of that kind in a country village, Miss Gibson; but I have been favored with

a very superior teacher in my dear father, the pastor of Rockdale. From my earliest days, I have spent a couple of hours daily in his study."

The young people looked on surprised at the notice bestowed upon the country girl, for Miss Gibson was a lady of very exalted character and intelligence, and when they saw Rose conversing with such ease in her presence, they suddenly acquired respect for her, and did not think her quite so stupid, although she could not discuss the fashions. Uncle Roscoe was highly gratified, for he had an excellent opinion of Miss Gibson's intelligence, and considered her public notice quite a compliment.

Several of the young ladies performed with great brilliancy on the piano; and when Miss Gibson asked

Rose if she played, she replied with great simplicity,

“I have but little scientific knowledge of music, Miss Gibson; but I love it passionately, and am here for the purpose of improving my knowledge.”

“Do you sing, my dear?”

“Yes, to please my father, Miss Gibson.”

“Will you not sing to please me?”

“Among all these fashionable girls?”

“Does your niece sing, Mr. Roscoe?” asked the lady.

“She is a wood-lark, Miss Gibson; she pleases me;” and Mr. Roscoe placed Rose at the instrument.

Somewhat embarrassed, she commenced her prelude (for she heard whispers about the country girl,) but

when her lovely voice poured forth its volume of delicious melody, the whole room was silent ; and as she sang song after song at the request of her companions, little as there was of scientific cultivation, there was music in her sweet songs that touched the heart.

Ida Nevins felt quite convinced that she might patronize Rose Delaney, as Miss Gibson, a member of one of the very oldest families in New York, had evidently taken her under her wing. At the close of the evening, she invited Rose, in her most gracious manner, to make her acquaintance.

For a few minutes, she endured Ida's frivolity ; but at the earliest opportunity turned again to Miss Gibson. Ida was chagrined, for she was bent upon condescension to Rose.

CHAPTER V.

A NEW WORLD FOR ROSE.

ON Monday morning, Mrs. Roscoe summoned Rose to accompany her to Miss Hart's seminary, a very fashionable establishment in the upper part of the city.

A pleasant lady, with polished manners, met them in the parlor. She was at once prepossessed by the modest deportment of the new pupil, and by her intelligent answers to the few questions addressed to her by the principal.

Rose also was attracted towards the mild, benevolent-looking lady, who

welcomed her so kindly to "Edgeworth Hall."

"My niece is a simple country girl, Miss Hart," said her aunt, "and I desire that her manners should be particularly cultivated, for you will find her somewhat rustic among city girls."

"I shall bestow the utmost pains, Mrs. Roscoe, upon the cultivation of her mind and heart. I have always found this to be the real source of all true refinement."

"Good-morning, my dear," said Mrs. Roscoe, as she took her leave.

Miss Hart then led the way to the school-room. Accompanied by her cousin Isabel, she entered a large and elegant school-room, with long rows of desks and chairs, at which were seated a crowd of young ladies, with

eyes turned, some inquiringly, others impertinently upon the new comer.

It was an embarrassing position to Rose Delaney, but she advanced with a blushing cheek, and downcast eye to the seat appointed; and placed near her cousin, she felt somewhat protected.

After the opening exercises, she occupied herself in looking around upon the company. They were generally from among the higher classes, richly, but neatly dressed, for Miss Hart had the sense to discourage the use of ornaments among school girls.

Two young girls, however, attracted Rose's especial notice. They were tall and showy, with rather coarse features, and hair most elaborately dressed; attired in handsome flounced silk, with silk aprons, heavily trimmed,

a profusion of jewelry, and gold watches and trinkets.

Observing that Rose's attention was directed to these young ladies, Isabel whispered,

"Shoddy! their father was an army-contractor for beef; he was originally a butcher; they are out of place, here."

Glancing quietly around still farther, Rose was attracted by a modest-looking young girl, dressed in deep mourning. Rose thought she looked lonely and sad; and when seated by her in one of the classes, she was greatly interested by her quick, intelligent answers, and perfect recitations.

After an examination, Rose's studies were appointed, and much to her delight, she found that she would occupy

a place near Mary Tremain in many of her classes.

Much to Isabel's mortification, her Cousin Rose occupied higher classes in every branch of an English education; in music, only, did Isabel excel.

Intermission came, and Rose overheard many of the whispers of the girls, concerning the new scholar.

"Who is she?" whispered one.

"A country cousin of Bell Roscoe," answered another.

"We shall have some fun with her," said a third.

Contriving to draw near, the same group surrounded Rose.

"Who is your dress-maker, Miss Rose,—Madame Le Mar, or Robert?"

"Madame Delaney," was the quiet answer, with a roguish smile; "did you ever hear of her?"

"No, indeed, she must be a new modiste; where does she live?"

"In the village of Rockdale, young ladies. Who is the teacher of good manners in New York?"

As the young rustic was turning the tables upon them, they turned to another topic, one of them asking,

"Who was your music teacher in Rockdale?"

"Wrens and wild-robins, young ladies; who is yours?"

"Professor Rondolino; he is splendid. Can you sing?"

"Yes, a little; but I expect to do something in that branch before I return."

"Won't you sing for us?" said one, winking at her companions.

Rose was in a merry mood, and as she saw that they wished to be amused

she was determined to gratify them, and so she warbled forth in her own wild notes, the Shadow Song ; she had heard it several times, and having a remarkable ear, she had caught much of its beauty, although not in perfection.

They listened quite surprised, for no such voice could be found among Miss Hart's scholars. No sooner had she finished, than away she darted, leaving them quite baffled in their attempts to intimidate the country girl.

Laughing cheerily, away she went in search of the young girl in mourning. She found her entirely alone, no one seeming to notice her. Taking her by the arm, she shared her lunch with the solitary child ; and entering into conversation, soon found that she would be a most congenial companion.

Rose had made a decided impression among the girls.

"That's capital!" said Lizzie Bond, as Rose finished her song, and ran away. "You need not try your games on that girl, I can tell you; she is a match for you, though she is a country girl."

"Well, Rose! what did you think of the school?" said Bell, on their walk home.

"Miss Hart is charming; I know that I shall love her dearly; and Mary Tremaine is a little gem."

"Do you know who she is, Rose?" asked her cousin.

"All I know is that she seemed very modest and intelligent, and neglected by the girls."

"She is a charity scholar of Miss Hart; her mother is a lady, and has

seen better days, and was an intimate friend of Miss Hart in early youth. Mrs. Tremaine has seen great trouble, is very poor, and supports herself now by dress-making; through Miss Hart's influence, she has some of the best patronage of New York; but that places Mary Tremaine wholly out of our sphere, Rose."

"She is not out of mine, Isabel. Misfortunes do not change a really refined nature, and I doubt not that Mary Tremaine is greatly the superior of hosts of those who look down upon her."

"Did you observe the two Shoddys, Rose?"

"Yes; poor things! I suppose that their parents imagine fine dress and rich jewelry make the lady."

"Their names are Kate and Caro-

line Jenkins; they are very stupid; Miss Hart will never make anything of them but coarse, vulgar girls."

"You can see at a glance, Isabel, that Mary Tremaine is the child of a lady, and it is absurd to look down upon her."

"These Jenkins girls have made us all sick of wearing jewelry in school; so, you see, Miss Hart has no trouble now in persuading us to give it up altogether. But what were you laughing at, Rose, when those girls were all around you?"

"Why, Cousin Bell, they wanted to be amused; they took me for their butt, and I gave them something to think about."

"I saw that they looked a little crest-fallen when you ran away; I did not think that you could turn quiz,

Rose ; but let us stop here," said Bell, "I want a saucer of ice-cream," and she conducted her cousin to one of the fashionable saloons of the city.

Rose looked amazed at the large sums of money which Isabel carried in her porte-monnaie. She treated Rose to ice-cream, and then bought a large quantity of cake and candy for home consumption.

Rose expressed surprise that Bell should spend so much money in this foolish way.

"Do you never buy good things, Rose?" asked her cousin.

"I could not afford it, if I wished to," was the reply, "for all that I have for spending-money is five dollars, and I must be very careful of that, Bell."

"What do you mean to do with it?"

asked her cousin, with an amused look upon her face.

"To buy music, and some little personal matters that I may need."

"Mamma will not allow that, Rose; your music will all be charged in your school-bill; and as for personal matters, such as pins, soap, &c., you will always be well supplied; so, little cousin, you can do what you please with your five dollars."

"But, really, Bell, do you never think of the account that we must render for the use of money, as well as of time?"

"All the account I keep is with papa, who allows me twenty dollars a month, to do just as I please with."

"But I mean the great account, Bell, that we must give at the last day."

"That is much too serious a matter for girls to think about, Rose."

"Girls sometimes die, dear cousin; then the great account must come."

"You make me tremble, Rose, with such serious thoughts."

"Better to tremble now, Bell, when you can change your course, than to mourn forever when it is all too late."

CHAPTER VI.

A SUNDAY AT AUNT ROSCOE'S.

THE sound of Sabbath bells ringing on the air from some of the city churches, awakens Rose at an early hour. Arising, she dresses herself, and seated at her little table, reads her Bible, and attends to her morning duties.

But it was all so different from Rockdale. There, the fresh green trees, the smiling sky, the singing birds, the soft morning bells; here, the rows of dark brown houses, a little strip of sky, the long, hard, stone pavement, the milk-men, with their

strange cry, the silent house, where even the servants were not yet astir.

Seated at the window, she listens to the chimes, for they remind her of the sweet music at the village church, and the holy atmosphere of her peaceful home.

After an hour's musing thus, the first bell rings, and Isabel awakes.

"What are you doing at this early hour, Rose?"

"I thought it was time to be up; and I enjoy the early morning; it is so quiet."

"We are one hour later on Sunday morning, Rose; it will be very tedious to wait so long."

"Don't you go to Sunday-school, Isabel?"

"No, indeed," replied her cousin,

“that we leave for the children of the poor.”

“We all attend at Rockdale; I have such a nice class of little girls; I wish that I could see them to-day.”

Just before church hour, the carriage drove up to the door; and dressed as though for a concert-room, the family went to the house of God.

A fashionable church, worship which seemed like proxy, a short, unpractical sermon, was a sad contrast to the spiritual worship, and the heavenly-minded teaching of her father's ministrations, and Rose longed for the sweet rest of the dear village church.

In the course of the day, Rose heard the chambermaid talking about a Mission church, not far off. After making a few inquiries, she asked permission to go there in the after-

noon. Situated in the midst of a shady yard, overgrown with ivy, it really did remind her of the quiet country.

The parsonage was under the same roof with the church, and when the minister's family entered so reverently, and took their seats in the family pew, Rose was forcibly reminded of her own sweet home, and was drawn at once to this humble parish.

The music was gentle, all uniting in it; the sermon was loving, holy, full of the Master's spirit.

After church, as Rose was passing out of the door, Mr. Morton, the pastor, approached her, and extending a hand, greeted the young girl kindly, for he had observed the reverent devotion and attention of the stranger.

The next Sunday, she asked permis-

sion to go again; and enrolling her name as a member of the Young Ladies' Bible class, felt very happy. Mr. Morton soon discovered that she was the daughter of a clergyman, and sought her out as a member of the flock.

Mrs. Roscoe laughed at her simplicity.

"And so, Rose, you really prefer the tame worship of that obscure place, to the grand services of our family church."

"I really do, Aunt Roscoe, for papa has always taught me that a simple Gospel is before all things, in our choice of a place of worship."

"Mr. Morton is really an excellent man, Rose, but he is chiefly interested in the poor. Whenever there is any great work of benevolence, he is

the one to whom all look for counsel; and he is, moreover, a man of cultivated taste, fond of music, and the fine arts."

The good pastor was greatly interested in our young friend, and observing her charming voice, offered her the best instruction on the organ, if she would become a member of the choir. Rose was but too glad to embrace the offer, for this was one of her darling projects, to play well enough to take the place of organist in her father's church.

It is true that it would add another study to her list, but as she was already a good English scholar, one of those studies was dropped, and an early morning hour, and another in the evening devoted to her new branch.

Rose had permission to practice on

the church organ, and daily did the good man step out of his study to overlook his protégé's improvement.

"How pleased papa will be, if I can only take charge of the music," said Rose, to the good pastor.

"There is every reason to believe that you may, my dear; we have a book of Gregorian chants; they are very simple, and will no doubt be the most suitable for a country parish; let us try one."

Seating himself at the organ, he tried one, and Rose's lovely voice, accompanied by the pastor's fine tenor, made really delightful music.

"That will just suit papa," said Rose; "I am determined to learn them all before he comes."

Mr. Morton smiled at her enthusiasm.

"Don't undertake too much, my child," was the answer.

"I'll learn very fast, Mr. Morton, and when I have such an object in view, I am sure to succeed."

"God bless you, my child; it is a great privilege to serve in any capacity in our Father's house, and this office seems peculiarly from heaven."

Aunt Roscoe could not but admire Rose's perseverance and industry in the pursuit of her studies, and thought that she began to see the benefit of such association, in Isabel's increased interest in her duties as a scholar. Almost unconsciously Isabel began to imitate Rose's diligence.

When she first entered her aunt's family, Rose was daily pained by Isabel's idleness; for frequently she would go to school without one recitation

perfectly prepared, and snatching intervals between the class-hours, would gather a few desultory ideas, but generally failed at the end. Now Isabel would seek her cousin's aid.

"Rose, won't you see if I am prepared with my Latin exercise correctly."

"With pleasure, dear Bell," and most patiently would she correct all her mistakes, giving her reasons, and making everything so plain.

Many a time was Ida Nevins mortified by Bell's refusal to leave her studies.

"I do believe that Rose Delaney is trying to make you as great a book-worm as she is. I don't see any use of so much study; you can be just as much admired without all this trouble."

"I feel ashamed, Ida, of my ignorance; I know that I shall never be such an intelligent woman as Rose, but I am determined not to be such an ignoramus as some of our set."

"Well! good-bye, Bell, you are welcome to your musty books."

Rose was everywhere a great favorite in her aunt's family, for her gentle, lady-like deportment made her popular in the kitchen as in the parlor. Jane was her especial favorite. One morning, after breakfast, Isabel passed her cousin on the stair-case with a nice little waiter, on which she carried a cup of hot tea and some toast.

"Where are you going, Rose?" asked her cousin, quite surprised.

"I am taking this to Jane; she is very sick."

"Really, Rose, when we consider

how many servants there are, I think that you need not turn waiter."

"You know, Isabel, how long she might have to wait; and she is so good and kind to me, that it really is no trouble to carry her a cup of tea," and Rose smilingly passed on.

Isabel stood looking at her cousin. There was so much to wonder at in her daily life; what could be the secret which ruled her actions? Rose Delaney was so different from all whom she had ever met before. So humble; so contented; so much respected by every one who knew her; performing what Isabel considered a menial office, and yet certainly not degraded! Isabel Roscoe was sure of that; but the secret of all this difference; what could it be? Isabel often asked the question.

CHAPTER VII.

ISABEL'S PARTY.

ISABEL'S sixteenth birth-day is drawing near; and it is to be celebrated in great style.

"Just think, Rose!" said her cousin, "I am to have a splendid party; papa says that I may invite as many as I please, and have everything just my own way."

"Will it not hinder your studies, Isabel?" asked her simple-hearted cousin.

"If that is not just like a real old woman, Rose! To be sure it will interfere with my studies for two

weeks, at least. I shall think of nothing else for a week before, and it will take me another week to get over it."

"And do you think that the pleasure will pay for the loss?"

"I don't calculate in that way, Rose; I am for the pleasure, and am not going to think about the loss."

The house was one scene of confusion; shopping, visits to the dress-maker's, orders for refreshments, making out lists to be invited, directing the cards, talking day and night about the contemplated pleasure. Truly Rose was terribly annoyed by the disturbance of her quiet, orderly habits.

The dress was at length sent home, and Rose was summoned to the chamber, to see it spread out upon the bed.

It was made of tulle, to be worn over rose-colored silk, very full, and

trimmed with flounces, richly ornamented by moss rose-buds; low-necked, with short sleeves trimmed with lace, and a broad sash, the ends of which were also trimmed with tulle and rose-buds.

Isabel expected to see Rose go off in ecstacies, but not so.

“What do you think of it, Rose?”

“It is beautiful, certainly, and in good taste for a lady of fashion; but you must not scold me for thinking, dear, of certain old-fashioned words, ‘the vain pomps and vanities of this wicked world.’”

“Always something to mar my pleasure, Rose; I think that you might keep your thoughts to yourself, if they are not any more agreeable.”

“Let me see, Rose, what you have to wear on the occasion,” said her

aunt, and Mrs. Roscoe could not restrain a smile as her niece brought out her crimson merino, high in the neck, with neat cuffs and collar.

"This is all I have, aunt; you know mamma has not brought me up for balls, and I have always had the simplest clothes."

"You don't expect to wear this, Rose?" said her aunt.

"Would you care if I should not attend?" said Rose, timidly.

"Not attend, Rose! it would be an affront to your cousin, and I should take it so. You must be present. Now we must arrange about your dress. What do you say to a pink silk, with lace skirt? Isabel has one that she only wore once; it can easily be altered for you."

"That would not suit mamma's

ideas, I am sure, Aunt Roscoe; if I must go, please let me wear a simple white muslin."

"Isabel has a very handsome dress of that kind; I will have it altered for you, Rose."

The evening at length arrived. Isabel was in a state of high excitement; Mr. Roscoe had sent home a new set of jewelry, as his birth-day gift, of rubies and pearls; Isabel was in raptures.

"Are they not splendid?" said she, as she exhibited them to her cousin.

"They are, indeed, Isabel. The rubies are beautifully cut and set. How I should like to see them in their natural state; I suppose that they would look very different. I really should like to have a cabinet of minerals."

“Rose Delaney! you are a little fool; or else you are an affected piece of simplicity. Do you really mean what you say? Do you care so little for such beautiful jewels?”

“There is one pearl of great price, Isabel; I care for that.”

The hair-dresser soon made her appearance. Isabel was dressed most elaborately, but Rose would only consent to have her own natural curls, and a few fresh rose-buds. Mrs. Roscoe could not persuade her to wear any jewelry, excepting a pretty gold necklace, which had once belonged to her grandmother, and a pair of bracelets presented by Uncle Roscoe.

But as they stood dressed in their chamber, Rose Delaney, in her girlish beauty, with her expression of holy innocence, in her pure muslin, was a

vision not to be forgotten, as she stood admiring, not herself, but her beautiful cousin; so entirely free from envy, so guileless in her expressions of admiration.

Isabel was a noble-looking girl, with her fine dark eyes and hair; her rich complexion, now glowing with excitement, her white neck and arms, and elegant dress. Rose looked on with wondering delight, and whispered to her aunt,

“Is she not beautiful? she looks like a princess, don't she?”

Mrs. Roscoe listened with gratification to Rose's expressions; so complete an absence of envy as this, is not common with girls.

She kissed her lovely niece as she said,

“You are a darling little rustic,

Rose! I should like to hear Ida Nevins acknowledge so much."

"Why, aunt! won't she be pleased? I thought she was Isabel's friend. I am sure I was always delighted when any one admired Annabel Dacre."

Aunt Roscoe listened, and wondered what was the secret motive which swayed Rose Delaney; she certainly was unlike girls generally, and her worldly aunt could scarcely comprehend the loveliness of that "charity which envieth not."

The company assembled; Rose was surprised at the manners of the would be ladies and gentlemen; so much aping of the manners of men and women; such attempts at coquetry; such an absence of the modest innocence of sweet young girlhood!

The dancing to her was shocking;



Miss Hart and Rose in the conservatory.
Rose Delaney.

so immodest, as she thought in her simplicity ! The music was delightful, and the supper everything that could be imagined, where wealth poured out its treasures.

Rose looked around for a comparatively quiet corner, and rambled into the conservatory, which opened out on a verandah.

Seated near the entrance was Miss Hart, evidently in search of cool and quiet also. Rose joined her amongst the flowers. It was midnight, and both left the heated rooms ; throwing a covering around their shoulders, they sought the quiet garden ; so cool ! so grateful ! after such a scene of gayety, heat and noise.

“This does not suit you, Rose,” said her friend.

“No, ma'am ; I did not wish to ap-

pear to night, but Aunt Roscoe insisted, and I could not well refuse; there is a great deal of beauty, here, Miss Hart, but none can equal Cousin Isabel, in my eyes."

The lady looked upon the guileless child, and thought how charming was the simplicity of her character; wondering if it were possible that Rose did not know how lovely she was.

Miss Hart had heard more than one ask "who was that pretty creature?" could it be that Rose had not also heard the compliments.

Just then, she remarked, "I wonder how many words of sense have been spoken here to-night; such silly compliments; but everybody comes in for a share, even people who are quite plain, so we know how much truth there is in their silly speeches."

"I suppose, then, Rose, that you have heard some concerning yourself."

Rose blushed, as she replied archly,

"If I had stayed to listen, I should have laughed in George Houghton's face, when he lisped out his flat nonsense."

Rose quietly slipped away before the guests had all retired, and in the quiet of her room, tried to gather together her thoughts, for evening devotion. But the sound of the music, the gas-lights, the glittering dress, the flying figures would keep dancing before her imagination, and she was fully convinced that the giddiness of the ball-room, was no preparation for the holy quiet of prayer and praise.

At a very late, or rather a very

early morning hour, Isabel entered the chamber, and awoke Rose.

She was wearied, listless, and discontented; and as she undressed, gave vent to many a complaint about the annoyances of the evening.

"Did you observe Ida Nevins?" said Isabel, "how she manœuvered all the evening to keep Charles Dennis in her train? he only danced with me once, and I know that he was coming to ask me two or three times, when Ida stopped him by all manner of contrivances, the mean thing!"

"I thought Ida was your friend, Isabel," replied Rose.

"So she is, but I don't like to see her trying to draw away attention from me. I ought to have been the belle of the evening, for was it not my birth-day?"

"Were you not pleased to see Ida admired? I always liked everybody to love my friend, Annabel Dacre, and loved those best who were most attentive to her."

"Oh! you are one of the saints, Rose; just a country simpleton! I don't pretend to be more than human and not to care whether I am admired or not. And then I was so angry with Matilda Russell; to come dressed in real point-lace and diamonds; I wore nothing but tulle and rubies. I believe she just tried to outdo me, for I told her what I should wear," and Isabel, tired and nervous, cried with vexation.

Rose listened, and thought of all the money that had been spent, and the time that had been wasted, to gratify her cousin, when all that remained of the evening's pleasure was the bit-

terness of envy, and the weariness of discontent.

Isabel hurried into bed, and continued for some time to distress her cousin by her complaints, until wearied out, she fell asleep, and did not wake until a very late hour in the morning, with pale cheeks, heavy eyes, and worn-out frame and spirits.

“Well, Rose! what did you think of the ball?” asked her aunt, as they met the morning after the entertainment.

Rose smiled, and said, “You must pardon me, aunt, but I think that mamma is wise in classing it among the vanities, that we are called upon to renounce, dear aunt.”

“Did you enjoy it, Isabel?” asked her father.

The young lady was lying wearily

upon a lounge in the sitting-room; and replied,

“I should have been perfectly happy, papa, if Matilda Russell had not worn point-lace and diamonds.”

Here was the old story of Haman and Mordecai once more; always to be repeated in scenes of worldly mirth and vanity.

Oh! for Rose Delaney's secret! for that satisfying love of God and holiness, which leaves nothing to be envied in the lot of others. Isabel glanced towards her cousin's serene, peaceful, countenance, and could not but contrast it with her own discontent and peevishness. Would that she could understand the blessedness of that “charity which envieth not.”

CHAPTER VIII.

ISABEL WONDERS.

CHRISTMAS is approaching; and Rose is thinking about the happy season at home; Isabel, of the costly presents which she is to give and receive. Rose is busy every evening, making up some simple gifts of love; Isabel, contriving how to outvie Ida Nevins and Matilda Russell in the costliness of her gifts.

The young girls are out on a shopping exhibition. Isabel tries to dazzle Rose with the splendor at Ball and Black's, but simple little Rose is too busy with her pleasant thoughts of

how she shall contrive to do the most with her five dollars, to be overpowered by the blaze of jewelry.

"What are you going to do with that black velvet, and white silk, Rose?" said her cousin.

"You will see, Bell," was the reply, as a bright smile flitted over the young face; and some pretty colored zephyrs and ribbons were added to her purchases.

"How much is left of your five dollars, Rose?" asked Isabel.

"Ten cents," was the laughing reply.

"Papa told me to give you ten dollars, Rose; he knows how much you would like to send some gifts home, and really, five dollars now will not purchase much."

"Uncle Roscoe is very good," replied Rose. "now I can get a set of

books for papa, that I have been looking at for a month past; he has wanted them so long; and I can get a new cap for mamma; she has not had one for six months. I am so thankful, Isabel," and Rose hurried on to the bookstore, and ordered the books; then, after selecting the cap for her mother, returned with tripping feet and beaming face, a happy girl that afternoon.

"It is exactly what I wanted, dear uncle; I am so much better pleased, than if it had been for myself."

"I know that, Rose, and I thought that I would give you the opportunity of full enjoyment."

"What in the world are you doing?" said Bell, as she saw Rose's scissors busy with the velvet and silk; "are you making a cap for Uncle Delaney's study?"

Rose laughed heartily. "No, cousin, that will do for old gentlemen who either have catarrh in the head, or bald pates; my father has neither; he has the most beautiful soft brown hair; this is for a sermon-case, for his is entirely worn out."

A breakfast-shawl for dear mamma, a tasteful hood, trimmed with blue ribbon, for Mary Bell, were added as the work of her own fingers.

When the handiwork was all done, then came the packing of the box; the books, the cap, the shawl, the hood; a box of bonbons and a handsome set of sleeves and collar, from Mrs. Roscoe, a winter dress for Mary Bell, a porte-monnaie, with a fifty dollar note, from Mr. Roscoe, to the good pastor, and last, not least, some pretty remembrances of the servants, and some

charming books from Isabel to her little cousin.

Rose's eyes were glistening with tears of joy, when the last nail was driven, and the address to the "Rev. G. Delaney, Rockdale," painted on the box.

Rose was playful as a kitten all that evening; her innocent expressions of delight were in the highest degree amusing to her aunt and uncle; to them, these simple gifts of love seemed so trifling.

Christmas-eve came at length; the ringing of the door-bell kept a constant excitement in the drawing-room; every five minutes some elegant gift was arriving either for Isabel or her parents.

Isabel was enraptured with her elegant jewelry; a complete set of dia-

monds from her father, a superb enamelled set of agate and pearls from her mother, a richly gilt fan from Ida Nevins, who was sure of something more elegant in return; a rose-wood dressing-case, inlaid with pearl, from another, a handsome breast-pin from a friend, a diamond ring, anonymous, and a box of superfine kid gloves; thus are the rich laden with costly gifts.

Rose congratulated her cousin on her elegant gifts, but she was equally pleased with a set of furs from Uncle Roscoe, a new cloak from her aunt, a beautiful breastpin, and a handsomely-bound set of the poets from Isabel.

But in the midst of this shower of gifts, Rose's heart was turning to the home-circle at Rockdale; and in imagination she pictured the scene in the

kitchen, where she was always allowed to come on Christmas-eve.

She saw Betty, busy with the dough-nuts and the Christmas-cake, little Mary Bell flitting around, and jumping away from the crackling fat, papa and mamma, so busy in the parlor, hanging the evergreens, and planting the Christmas-tree in the large box ready to receive the glories of Christmas gifts. She heard papa summon Mary Bell, and saw her somewhat reluctantly mount the staircase earlier than common, loth to miss these mysterious rites in the parlor.

She saw her darling run back two or three times to get a last kiss, slyly taking a peep at the numerous bundles wrapped up in brown paper, lying all about.

“There! go off, little fairy,” says papa, for the last time, “we have a great deal of work to-night.”

Then came the dressing of the tree; for the good people of the congregation always remembered the pastor’s family on Christmas-eve; and then Rose imagined the delight with which her presents were received, for they would be there in time.

She saw the hanging of the stocking for Mary Bell, and wondered if they would hang hers too; yes! there it hangs by the side of her little sister’s.

Another sharp ring at the front door disturbs Rose’s reverie; and Patrick enters with a rough box, evidently from a distance. One glance is enough for Rose; her own name, in dear papa’s hand-writing, caused her to rise suddenly, and exclaim,

“From dear Rockdale,” and she kissed the writing, not thinking of the smiles indulged in at her expense. The box was soon opened, and there were Rose’s treasures! First, some branches of holly and bright berries,—“This is from the dear old wood back of the parsonage,” said Rose.

Then came a handsome bag of bonbons.

“This is from Mary Bell, my darling,” said the young girl; “she likes good things, and I suppose that she thinks I do too.”

Then a family group, papa, mamma, and Mary Bell, a beautifully tinted photograph from papa. Rose held the picture in her hand, kissing it again and again, as tears of joy would come, and impede the utterance of all her delight; then a handsome Bible

from mamma, a large Christmas-cake from Betty, the cook, a bag of doughnuts from Rachel, and a beautifully-bound book of poetry from Annabel Dacre completed her treasures.

All Isabel's rich jewelry was wholly eclipsed; Rose had eyes for nothing else, and when beneath all lay hidden a heart-warm letter from papa and mamma, and two other little epistles, the one from Mary Bell, the other from Annabel Dacre, Rose's joy was complete.

The talk about the quality of the diamonds, the brilliancy of the jewels, the costliness of each was all lost upon Rose. She was in a happy kingdom of her own, where she was a most true and loyal subject, and papa and mamma the reigning monarchs.

Isabel looked on and wondered, as she had been doing for some months.

There was not one costly gift in that box, but here was Cousin Rose, perfectly enchanted, acting just as if she were in fairy land.

Isabel had not yet learned the secret of her happiness; love to God was Rose's highest joy, and overflowing love and gratitude to those whom he had given, her chief earthly good.

In a little while, Isabel will begin to wonder if Matilda Russell's diamonds are as beautiful as hers; perhaps they may eclipse them altogether; if so, half their charm is gone; but Rose will look at the sweet picture, peruse the precious Bible, cherish the green holly, read again and again the dear letters, and her joy will be pure and innocent as now, for "the secret of

the Lord is with them that fear him." The secret of happiness and sweet content. The Saviour hath said, "The meek shall inherit the earth," and Rose Delaney is in possession of the secret inheritance, though Isabel appears to the eye of sense to revel in its riches.

Can it be possible that Isabel envies Rose Delaney? if not, why does she turn away so listlessly from her splendid gifts?

On Christmas afternoon, Rose writes her home letter:—

"You cannot imagine, my dear parents, with what joy I hailed the precious box; it arrived just in time, on Christmas-eve, and in the midst of Isabel's costly gifts. I was admiring their beauty, and congratulating her on the possession of such elegant

presents ; but the box from Rockdale eclipsed all.

“Do you know, papa, that Isabel did not seem so happy after my box came ; I wonder what was the reason ; there was nothing in it to compare with her presents in costliness ; but if any of her young friends should have gifts more beautiful, her pleasure will be gone.

“I was so glad to hear that you hung up my stocking ; how Isabel laughed ! I suppose that she thinks me a baby for being pleased with such a trifle. You'll keep the contents till I come home, papa. I have a great secret ; you will not know it, until you come to take me back to dear Rockdale, but I can imagine your pleasure when you know it, it will delight you so much.

“I have such a good, kind friend in Mr. Morton, the pastor of the little church which I attend; he is so attentive to me, for he says that he knows you, and seems to think so much of you, papa. I attend a Bible-class, and am a member of the choir. The church is a little rural, for it is away from the noise of the city, built in the midst of beautiful grounds, surrounded by trees.

“And now, dear mamma, you remember what you told me the night before I came away, about envying the elegance of my present home. There is nothing to envy, for ‘the peace that passeth all understanding’ is not here. There is grandeur, it is true; everything that wealth can purchase; but Uncle Roscoe often wears a cloudy brow, and Aunt Roscoe always

seems to be wishing for something which she has not, while Cousin Isabel is frequently discontented, simply because some young friend has a handsomer dress, or bonnet, or jewelry than she. Now, mamma, there is really nothing to envy. But do not misunderstand me; they are all very kind, and I am improving, I think, as much as you can desire; so say my teachers. But when the time comes for me to return to Rockdale, you shall see me just as loving and contented as ever. Give my warmest love to my darling Mary Bell, remember me to Betty and Rachel, and write often to your ever loving daughter,

“ROSE DELANEY.”

Isabel is still puzzled about her Cousin Rose, and often discusses her peculiarities with Ida Nevins.

“I wish that you had seen Rose on Christmas-eve,” said her cousin, “there was the table spread with my superb presents, my diamonds, my agates, my magnificent fan, the rose-wood dressing-case, and sundry other elegant things, and she was actually more pleased with the trumpery from Rockdale, than with all my gifts put together.”

“I tell you, Isabel, that she has no taste; she is incapable of appreciating such articles.”

“There you are mistaken, Ida, her taste of the beautiful is good enough. When I go with her to the art-gallery, she points out beauties that I never saw before; and in these articles of jewelry, she discerns at once what is really handsome; but she looks upon these things just as so many works of

art, not things to be possessed as treasures so much as to be admired."

"It would provoke me, Bell, if I were in your place, for she has never seen such grandeur before, and I have never seen one spark of envy yet; it takes away half the pleasure, if one cannot make people envious of our style."

"I wish that you had seen her the first day that she arrived; I dressed myself in one of my most fashionable dresses, expecting to see her overcome entirely, and ready to sink with bashfulness; she met me just as if she were one of us, received my apologies quite coolly, took no notice of the grandeur around her; she did not even ask one question. I drew her attention to the paintings in my room, which she really criticized with taste,

but made no inquiries about their cost. When I showed her my splendid dresses, she simply wondered what a school-girl could want with so many, and turned from my splendid jewelry to the book-case; just think of that! and was really more delighted with that old copy of Tennyson, than with all the elegantly illustrated volumes in the book-case!"

"What a simpleton she must be, Isabel! I would not waste my time upon such a girl, if I were you."

"Then her manners at table really surprised me; she sat there just as cool and quiet as if she had lived here always, and received the attentions of the waiters with just as much ease as a born lady."

"How did she ever learn, Isabel?" asked Ida.

“Her mother, in early life, was accustomed to these things, and I suppose, has taught her. I took her one day into the conservatory; she admired the camelias and daphnes, but went off into raptures over some simple mignonette and heliotrope, because they were her mother's favorites; and then she really attempted to impress me with the superiority of their border flowers around the garden at Rockdale; there is no use of comparing anything here with that old parsonage.”

“What can be the reason?” said Ida.

“I suppose it is the way that she has been educated. I asked her once, how it was that a simple flower seemed to give her so much more pleasure than all the elegant jewelry

that I possess; she smiled, and said, 'That was a secret which she hoped I would find out some day.' I must say that I don't understand Rose; Miss Hart seems to know all about her, for she often holds her up to me as an example; and then her intimacy with Mary Tremaine is really mortifying."

"I would not allow it, Isabel, for she is nothing but a dress-maker's daughter."

"Her mother was Miss Hart's friend, Ida, and she seems pleased with the intimacy; beside, Rose is rather independent, with all her sweetness and gentleness. I don't think that she would give up Mary Tremaine to please me."

CHAPTER IX.

BUSY FINGERS, AND SUNNY SMILES.

“MISS ROSE, a lady is in the parlor who wishes to see you,” said Patrick; “I think her name is Gibson.”

And she hurried down to see her visitor.

“I have come to ask a favor,” said the good lady; “we have a Children’s Home, in which I have been long interested, Rose, and every year we are in the habit of giving them an entertainment; we have only three weeks in which to make our preparations, and I have thought that perhaps you would dress some dolls for

us, and help us to make some sugar-plum bags."

"I should be most happy to aid you, Miss Gibson, but I shall have to do it in the evening hours, for I am constantly engaged in the day-time."

"Perhaps you can get some one to help you, Rose."

"I think I can; Mary Tremaine, one of our scholars, I know will aid me."

"You will be richly paid, dear, for it will make the little creatures so happy; they are generally from the lowest walks of life, and have never known any sunshine outside of that Children's Home."

"When will you bring me the dolls, Miss Gibson?"

"To-morrow, dear; I have some

materials, but not enough to dress them."

"I can get some from Mrs. Tremaine, and I think that Aunt Roscoe will give me some pretty silks and muslins."

The next day, Rose was very busy all the afternoon with her studies, and after tea, the family sitting-room became the seat of action.

Aunt and Uncle Roscoe were seated at the table, she with some fancy-work, and he with his newspaper, when Rose entered with a large round basket full of dolls, and materials for her pretty work. The bright face sparkled as she placed her basket upon the table; and clad in her school-dress, with a neat white apron, she seated herself for operations.

"What in the world is all this?"

said her aunt, with a look of surprise.

“Miss Gibson sent them to me, aunt, and wants me to aid her in getting ready for the festival at the Children’s home.”

“Do you suppose that you can dress all these dolls, Rose?”

“I think not, aunt; but Mary Tremaine will help me, and I hope Isabel will dress a few; can’t she, aunt?”

“I don’t think that she has any time,” was the reply; “she has so many engagements, that I scarcely think she will get through with them.”

“Where is she this evening, aunt?”

“She has company in the parlor.”

“Can you find me any little pieces of silk or muslin, aunt?”

“I will look to-morrow, child; but

you are giving yourself a deal of trouble about these young vagrants."

"It makes me very happy, aunt, for I am all the time thinking of the joy that these little dolls will bring."

And all the evening, her fingers were busy, and her sweet voice singing dainty little snatches of song, in the happiness of her young heart.

Uncle Roscoe every now and then raised his eyes from his paper, to look at his sparkling niece, as her pretty work went merrily on.

"Look here, aunt! I have dressed one," said the young girl, as she held up a doll rigged out bravely in white muslin and pink ribbons.

"Don't I see the little dears?" said Rose; "how they will crow over the dollies!"

About ten o'clock, Isabel came for a

moment to the sitting-room, with a wearied look of annoyance and dissatisfaction upon her face.

Throwing herself down upon the lounge, she said, pettishly,

“Just let me rest here for a minute; of all stupid bores, Philip Stanton is the greatest; I wish he would go; there is no such thing as entertaining him; but what in the world are you about, Rose?”

“Dressing dolls, for the Children’s Home, Bell; I wish you were here, I would make you so useful, and I am sure, very happy.”

Isabel looked at Rose for one minute, with silent admiration, and perhaps a little envy, for the sweet face was so bright and sunny, and father and mother were bright too; for they

were sitting where Rose was casting her shadow.

“Won’t you help me just a little Bell?” said the busy girl.

“Perhaps so; but I am so much occupied this week; to-morrow evening to Carrol’s, next to the opera, next to Houghton’s, and next to Grayson’s,—and dear me, that will be Saturday,—I can’t this week, Rose; but I must go down to the parlor,” and Isabel did look back rather wistfully at the party in the sitting-room.

Next evening, Aunt Roscoe brought down quite a nice bundle of silk, laces, muslins, and ribbons; and, with Mary Tremaine’s aid, the work went on gaily.

Aunt Roscoe could not resist the contagion of Rose’s active energy, and took up a doll to dress.

Before ten o’clock, she was almost

as much interested as Rose herself, and when she pronounced her pretty doll finished, her niece's bright smile, and sweet kiss, was full pay to the fashionable lady.

And so the work went on every evening; when near the close, Isabel condescended to aid in making the sugar-plum bags, and uncle and aunt filled them with good confectionery.

One doll, larger and handsomer than the rest, Rose had dressed especially for a lame child in the establishment. Poor little Phoebe Campbell had been afflicted with a disease of the spine, from her birth, and had never walked one step. Rose had seen the patient little creature, and was determined to make her happy for one day at least.

She had told her story at home, and Isabel sent a doll's cradle, Aunt Ros-

coe a box of cups and saucers, and uncle, a beautiful toy-book, full of pictures.

The day at length arrived; Rose had obtained a promise from Isabel that she would make no engagement for that afternoon. Accordingly, the two young ladies, and Mrs. Roscoe went to the festival.

There were a large number of bright little faces gathered in the largest room of the establishment, all clad in nice warm dresses, and clean white aprons.

Many of the mothers were present, for this home received the children of women who went out to daily work.

Poor, poverty-stricken objects many of them were; but with tears in their eyes, when they looked at the kind

ladies, who had done so much for their children.

Numbers, however, had no parents, but were sheltered and educated here by the benevolent, for posts of respectability hereafter.

Rose had sent the most of her contributions in the morning, but had reserved little Phœbe's gifts, to be given by herself.

The exercises were opened by the singing of a beautiful hymn, and prayer, but as there were unmistakable evidences of the thoughts dancing in the little brains, these exercises were shortened, and the festival commenced.

Nothing could exceed the children's joy at the sight of the dolls, and bags of sugar-plums.

When Rose handed her gifts to the

lame child, it was hard to say which was the happier, Rose Delaney, or little Phœbe Campbell.

The child held the pretty doll off at arm's length, to examine its beauty, then folded it in her arms, and kissed its baby face again and again; then she laid it in its cradle, and rocked the dolly, while she sang a lullaby song.

Many of the children shared their good things with their mothers, and when a new dress, cape, and hat were brought out for each little girl, ready for her spring attire, the joy was complete.

Isabel was deeply moved, but most by the bright face by her side, and as she looked at Rose's animated, beaming countenance, she had a glimpse of the reason why her cousin envied not the pleasures of the gay world, while

enjoying what was so much purer and more holy.

"Your dolls are beautiful, Rose," said Miss Gibson; "how did you ever contrive to do so much?"

"Mary Tremaine helped me; Aunt Roscoe dressed two, and Isabel aided with the sugar-plum bags."

"You are richly paid, dear, for there was never a happier set of children gathered together before; if I could tell you the story of some of them, Rose, you would be still more rejoiced to know that you had helped so largely to make them happy."

"Uncle Roscoe desired me to give you this, Miss Gibson," and Rose presented an envelope, which when opened, contained a check for fifty dollars.

As they walked home together, Is-

abel could not but draw a silent contrast between the pleasant spirit of Cousin Rose's conversation, and her own feelings after her nights of frivolity and dissipation.

For all her innocent talk was about little Phœbe's happiness, and her artless expressions of gratitude, for her last words to Rose, were,

"Thank you, good, kind young lady, for the pretty doll, and the nice cradle, and the dear little cups and saucers, and the sweet picture-book."

"It is better than a gay evening party, Isabel, is it not?"

But Isabel was not yet ready to say, "yes," although many new thoughts were busy in her brain."

CHAPTER X.

A MUSICAL SOIREE.

ROSE is making rapid improvement in her music; knowing that her parents are anxious that she should excel in this branch, she allows no projected plans ever to interfere with the performance of what she deems her duty. It is true that Rose is very busy, for if she is to make any progress upon the organ, she is obliged to devote much more time to her various studies than suits Isabel's ideas of a scholar's duty.

One can scarcely realize the value of a systematic division of time; but

Rose had learned that at home, during the first important fifteen years of her life.

She had never seen the friction, which is so manifest in family wheels, where there is no efficient governing head ; but as all had revolved so smoothly there, so, all unconsciously to cheerful Rose, was her own little wheel moving in the family orbit of good home habits.

Though often tempted to omit her practising or lessons for a ride to the Park, or some of the beautiful environs of New York ; Rose is steadfast, and is reaping the fruits of her perseverance.

The girls are much occupied in preparing for the Musical Soirée which Miss Hart gives every winter for the benefit of the friends of her pupils.

Rose is especially interested in Isabel's success, for in this branch, she especially excels.

Isabel is learning some very difficult music, and her cousin prophesies for her, a complete triumph.

The evening at length arrives. Isabel is dressed superbly, Rose, simply. Innocently she places the last rose in her cousin's beautiful hair, and kissing her affectionately, says, "That will do, Isabel."

A large company are gathering in Miss Hart's parlors, and though many pretty girls are present, none excel Isabel Roscoe in brilliancy, or in the exquisite taste displayed in her dress.

Many have already performed, and Rose's turn has come. With an air of ingenuous modesty, she takes her seat at the piano; and accompanied by

her teacher with the flute, she sings with rare taste and feeling several beautiful songs.

She is repeatedly encored, and amidst a burst of applause, she quietly takes her seat.

"Who is that lovely girl?" is whispered all around.

"A country niece of Mrs. Roscoe," Rose heard murmured, as she passed to her seat.

And now comes Isabel. Rose bends forward, with parted lips, for she expects a grand triumph for her cousin.

Isabel takes the company by surprise, for the piece selected, is from one of the most difficult operas, but time, execution, expression were perfect.

She far excels all the performers at Miss Hart's, and her success is acknowledged by rapturous applause.

Rose is delighted; none present exhibit such marks of undisguised pleasure. Her eyes are beaming; her hands joining in the tokens of applause. Ida Nevins, the intimate friend, sits with a darkened countenance, for she has been placed far in the back-ground by Isabel Roscoe.

When she reaches her seat, Rose seizes her hand, exclaiming, "There, Bell! I knew that you would carry off the prize; I congratulate you, dear cousin," and in the warmth of her young heart, she kisses Isabel's glowing cheek.

The prize, which is a handsome guitar, is bestowed upon Isabel, who is not more happy than Rose.

"Charity envieth not;" precious truth!

Next morning at breakfast, Rose's

expressions of delight at her cousin's success amused her uncle and aunt, for she seemed to have forgotten her part in the exercises.

"Why Rose!" said her uncle, "I think that you came in for your share in the applause; those songs were really very sweet."

"The people were very kind, uncle; I suppose that they applauded me for the purpose of encouragement, for I heard a lady say that I was only the country niece of Mrs. Roscoe."

"You are mistaken, my dear, for your teacher thinks that you have decided talent, and have made great improvement. But where was Ida Nevins?" continued Mrs. Roscoe; "among all the congratulations, I did not see her come forward."

"I suppose that she was jealous,"

said Isabel; "she never likes any one to excel her; I saw that she kept aloof."

"How strange!" said Rose; "I should be so happy to see Annabel Dacre take a prize; I thought friends always felt so."

"I suppose that friends around Rockdale feel so, Rose," said her uncle, "but we are somewhat different here. But now, really, my dear, did you not feel flattered by the encores of your songs?"

"I certainly did feel pleased, uncle, and gratified. It seemed so kind, and it made me think that I might be so useful to papa in the choir; but then I did not think that it was for any great skill in the performance."

In a few days, Mr. Morton called upon Rose, stating that the organist

was sick, and therefore unable to perform on Sunday. He came to ask our young niece if she would take his place.

She shrank away at once, but Mr. Morton proposed some of the Gregorian chants, which she had practised, and some simple tunes for the psalms and hymns. Anxious to oblige, she consented to come to the church to try, and if she succeeded so as to please the pastor, to perform the duty. She had been taking lessons for several months, was very industrious, and had made considerable progress.

The pastor sat with her while she practised, and was satisfied at the close of the hour, that she might be trusted on Sunday with the music.

“Isabel, will you not go to church with me on Sunday?” said Rose; “I



have a very particular reason; just say yes, dear; that is a good girl."

"Well! I promise, Rose; but what is going on? I should like to know."

"You will know when you get there, Bell."

Isabel knew that Rose sat in the choir, therefore her absence from the pew was not noticed by her cousin.

The sweet, low chants were very touching, the interludes rich and soothing, rolling away in soft notes; the psalm and hymns so devotional and simple!

Isabel was sure that some new performer sat at the organ, and when, for a moment, one of the choir accidentally pushed aside the curtain, and revealed her Cousin Rose at the instrument, her astonishment was unbounded. The sermon ended, Isabel

hurried to the choir ere they left the church.

“How in the world have you kept your secret, Rose? Now I understand why you came so often to the church through the week; but how you have contrived to learn so much puzzles me not a little.”

“The motive, Isabel, has been the moving power; my anxiety to help my father has nerved all my efforts; but I have not accomplished much; these tunes are all very simple.”

“They will be very sweet in a country church, Rose, and I know that Uncle Delaney will be delighted.”

Mr. Morton hurried out to congratulate his young organist. “You have succeeded admirably, Rose; those sweet low interludes, instead of carrying one to the opera-house, led the thoughts

away to heaven. I know what you are going to say, that they were very simple, only a few rich cords; but they were truly heavenly. I should be very willing to have such music every Sunday; I shall call upon you again, my dear."

Isabel could not recover from the surprise; and when she told her parents who had been organist that day, they were equally astonished; but they were beginning to learn something of the power of their niece's perseverance and industry, not only in her own case, but as a stimulant to Isabel.

CHAPTER XI.

A SUMMONS HOME.

WINTER rolls on rapidly; Isabel is frequently invited out, and spends many evenings in gay assemblies, at opera, ball, and party. The effects of late hours are seen in a languor which ought not to appear in one so young; and Rose often asks why it is that her cousin seems so listless, and so often complains of drowsiness and weariness.

She, on the contrary, is the same cheerful, busy girl. The last winter month is passing rapidly away, and as March comes in with sharp, blustering

winds, she thinks of dear Rockdale, and the near approach of the time when she shall turn her face homeward.

There have been many heavy falls of snow, and Rose thinks of the snow-drop and crocus, which show their pretty heads about this time in the country. She keeps a constant watch for these harbingers of spring; and Isabel laughs at her frequent visits to the garden.

"Here they are, Isabel! come down," said Rose, one morning to her cousin, who was leaning out of an upper window.

"What have you found, Rose?"

"Some darling crocuses and snow-drops, Isabel; come down. Aren't they pretty, Isabel? They remind me so of home; and they are just

like a promise to me that I shall soon be there; you know that I am to return in the early spring."

"Then I am sure, Rose, that they are not welcome to me; for I do not know what I shall do without you. I am just beginning to like to study, and I am afraid that when you are gone, my old habits will all come back again."

"Here are some letters, Miss Rose," said Patrick, as he handed her several.

"One is from dear papa, the others from mamma, and Annabel Dacre," said the young lady, as she opened the first.

"Papa says that he will be here in four weeks, and then I must be ready to return with him."

"We shall be very sorry, Rose," said Mr. Roscoe, as soon as he heard

the news, "for no one has ever roused any ambition for study in Isabel, until you came."

"I shall be sorry to leave you, dear uncle," was the answer, "for you have all been very kind, and I have reaped many benefits by my visit."

"Won't you miss the elegancies of New York, Rose?"

She smiled, as she replied, "I shall exchange luxury for simple comfort, uncle, an elegant mansion, for a country parsonage; but then within its walls, I shall have all that I love best."

"And you will really return without any longings for what you leave behind?"

"Yes, uncle; not one desire beyond the humble parsonage at Rockdale. From my infant days, papa has taught

me that happiness does not lie in the things that we possess, but in the spirit with which we enjoy them. He led me very early to seek for an interest in heavenly things, and with a sure hope of a mansion in the skies, we can very well give up the tempting things of earthly wealth."

"These are very serious thoughts for one so young, Rose; I very much doubt the wisdom of clouding the young spirit with thoughts of the grave."

"Am I dull, Uncle Roscoe?" asked Rose, raising her bright face to her uncle's gaze.

"I should never think of applying such a word to you, my child, for we never have had such a blithe, happy bird among us before; but I cannot understand how one, whose habitual

thoughts are so much in another world, can be so happy in this."

"The secret is just here, uncle,—I believe that God is my Father, and I love him; that Jesus is my Saviour, and I trust him; that heaven is my final, blessed home, and I am trying to prepare for it; if these things are true, I am entirely contented with the lot appointed me here; willing to take just what my Father sends, and envy no one the possession of mere earthly goods."

"This is true Christian philosophy, my little niece; would that we all practised its wisdom. We should be more content here, and safer hereafter."

"You know, dear uncle, that 'Charity envieth not.' That is the secret which papa has taught me all my life."

This living illustration of Christian life was making its impression upon the Roscoe family, daily, and all unconsciously to Rose.

"You have never seen our summer home, Rose," said her cousin; "would you not like to go with us to visit Woodside?"

"Yes, indeed," was the quick reply; "I should be so delighted to see the country once more; but where is it, Isabel?"

"On the North River, Rose; papa has taken a great deal of pains to make it beautiful, and I think it will charm you; but you will not see its beauty, for the trees are only showing a very few of the first tender buds."

"When do you go out of town, usually?"

"About the middle of May; and

we generally go up about this time to spend a few days, for papa has many orders to give to the tenant in charge, that the house may be ready for us."

"When shall we go, Isabel?"

"Next Friday, I think, to stay until Monday; we shall thus only miss one day at school."

The day proved propitious, and they started in gay spirits for the boat. The passage up the river enchanted Rose, who had never sailed upon its bosom before.

Her expressions of rapture at the beautiful scenery seemed extravagant to those who had seen it so often; but to Rose, it had all the charm of novelty.

"There is Woodside," said Isabel, pointing to a very imposing country-

seat, situated on one of the heights of the Hudson."

Landed at the wharf, a carriage was in waiting, for Richard, the tenant, had received notice of their coming.

The drive was along a road bordered on either side by fine shade trees, and as they proceeded, new beauties attracted Rose in every direction. Turning to her uncle, she said, "How can you live anywhere else, uncle?"

The gentleman smiled, as he replied, "We should find it very dull in winter; I am sure that the ladies would never be happy here."

"But, uncle, there is a library, and carriages, and neighbors, and church, is there not?"

"Yes, all that, my little wild Rose; but that is not enough, my dear, for ladies who delight in Broadway, and

the opera, and all the charms of New York life."

By this time they had reached the gate leading to the avenue, and driving up to the front piazza, the party descended from the carriage.

Many fine evergreens adorned the grounds; and the vines over the piazza which surrounded the spacious mansion, although not yet in bud, gave promise of the loveliness that must bloom everywhere in the season of flowers. Beds of crocuses and violets smiled a spring welcome, and a few snow-drops yet remained to remind one of the reign of departing winter.

A good fire was kindled in the library. Having warmed themselves at the open fire, they proceeded to explore the grounds.

The conservatory, the garden walks,

the extensive grounds, the lake, the rustic bridge, the magnificent woods, all in turn were visited, and Rose's admiration was most heart-felt.

"Who lives over there?" she asked, pointing to a handsome residence, not far off.

"That is Mr. Howard's," was the reply; "and there are the Rolands, and the Winthrops, and plenty more."

"Is the church near?" inquired Rose.

"Yes; don't you see that Gothic spire near the Rolands?"

"That is not far off," replied Rose.

"No, not more than half a mile, I think."

"What a charming home; why don't you live here, Isabel?"

"Give up New York, with all its amusements, for this dull place! How

can you think of such a thing, Rose?"

"There is plenty of society, I am sure."

"Yes; in summer, we have gay times; sailing-parties, and horseback-rides, and dinners, and evening parties, plenty of them, I can assure you; but the people leave in October, generally, and we go too."

Rose wondered how any lady could ever wish to leave, what seemed to her an earthly Paradise.

When they returned from their stroll, Mrs. Heyl, the house-keeper, had prepared a comfortable dinner, to which all did ample justice.

Mrs. Roscoe retired for her nap, and the young ladies took a ride through the country in the vicinity.

Mr. Roscoe was busily occupied in

giving directions to Richard, concerning the grapery and the garden, and the lady in directing some changes in the arrangement of the house.

Rose ran about from garret to kitchen, and from the grounds around the house to the grand old woods, over the hills, and down by the river shore, until Isabel declared herself tired out, and left her to rove by herself.

The cows in the fields, the poultry in the barn-yard, the squirrels in the woods were all so many objects of interest to Rose, and at last we find her exploring the lane leading to the church.

It was a rural building, overgrown with ivy, and standing in the shadow of some fine old trees. The church was open, and she found the sexton

busy in sweeping, and dusting the pews.

Rose directly sought the organ.

“Won’t you blow the bellows?” said the young girl, and the good-natured man complied with her request. Rose enjoyed an hour’s delightful recreation in playing all the sweet music that she remembered, accompanying it with her sweet voice.

When she was about to close the instrument, she perceived a gentleman in black, standing in one of the aisles, listening.

“Do not stop, young lady,” said the gentleman, “I have enjoyed your music for the last half hour.”

Rose blushed, as she replied, “I hope that I have not trespassed.”

“Not at all, my child; I wish that we had your services on Sunday, for

we are often without an organist; where did you take lessons?"

"In New York, sir; the Rev. Mr. Morton very kindly allowed me to practice on the organ of his church, and I expect to play for my father, when I go home."

"What is his name, my child?"

"The Rev. George Delaney."

"My old college friend," replied the gentleman; "tell him that you have seen Philip Sydenham, the pastor of this little church."

On learning that she would stay over Sunday, Mr. Sydenham obtained her promise that she would preside at the organ; and uncle and aunt amused themselves highly at Rose's adventure.

The people wondered on Sunday who produced such charming music,

and after church, the good pastor obtained Mr. Delaney's address, that he might tell him how much pleasure the daughter of his old friend had given him, in his little rural church.

CHAPTER XII.

UNSPOTTED.

ROSE has been separated for seven months from her parents, but papa is here at last. "How are dear mamma, and Mary Bell, and Annabel, papa?" asked the young girl, in one breath.

"All well, my darling, and so anxious to see you once more; I hope that you have not been spoilt, Rose," said her father.

"Not much danger of that, I assure you," answered Mr. Roscoe; "she thinks more of the rose-covered porch at home, than of all the glories of our conservatory; our elegant ba-

rouche is nothing compared to your rockaway and old Bob, and she will leave all the style of New York without one regret."

"How have you progressed with your music, daughter?" asked her father.

"My teachers say very rapidly, papa, but you shall hear," and going to the piano, she delighted Mr. Delaney with her performance.

"Now, papa, you will stay over Sunday," said Rose, smiling, "I have a very particular reason." She had taken precautions to conceal her organ lessons from her father, as she wished to surprise him. Hearing of his presence in the city, Mr. Morton invited him to preach, and Mr. Roscoe's family attended.

"You have very sweet music," said

Mr. Delaney to the good rector; "this style suits me; it is devotional, simple, and such as the people can join in; those interludes were very sweet and soothing—who was the organist, Mr. Morton?"

"Miss Rose Delaney to-day, I am happy to inform you; she has been taking lessons all winter."

"Is it possible! Miss Rose has taken me by surprise! I knew that she was a member of the choir, but was not aware that she was studying the instrument; and this is your secret, Rose. You must have labored hard to accomplish so much, my child, for really the music was very sweet."

"Are you pleased, papa? Do you think that I could take the organ at Rockdale?"

"Pleased I certainly am, Rose; you have far exceeded what I had expected, and I really do think that you can take charge of the music with my direction."

"Then my visit to New York has done some good, papa."

"You may be sure of that, my dear," said her uncle, "for I hope that even when you are absent, your example will not be lost upon Isabel."

Farewells are painful things, and we will pass them over, but when the carriage drove away containing Rose and her father, Isabel stood for a long time in a thoughtful mood, looking out of the window, and contrasting the feelings which occupied her heart now, and the emotions which filled her bosom when first her cousin stood

before her in her sweet simplicity on the day of her arrival.

Then she regarded her as a simple country girl who would be overpowered by the splendor of her aunt's establishment; now, she remembered her as one who by her consistent piety, had gained the respect of every member of her uncle's family, one who had illustrated daily the beauty of that "Charity which envieth not."

Let us step in for one moment at the parsonage. Rose is at home, seated between her parents, with her hand clasped by each—Mary Bell on a stool at her feet, Annabel Dacre leaning on her chair, and Betty and Rachel standing delighted among the group—the same simple-hearted, humble, happy Rose that she was when,

turning away from her childhood's home, she entered upon scenes of temptation in the gay metropolis. She had returned unsoiled, for the love which dwelt in her young heart was indeed that "which envieth not."

"Dear mamma, you remember what you told me on the night before I left Rockdale, when you bade me be contented with my lot? I have dwelt in a house which was like a palace compared to this—our rooms are like closets contrasted with Aunt Roscoe's, but I have never seen anything to envy excepting once, when Isabel was spending so much money for candies, I really felt some desire for that money, but not for myself, mamma; I thought how many books for papa that wasted money would buy."

Annabel now drew near, and throwing her arm around Rose's waist, said,

"And you have not forgotten me, dear Rose, in all these months."

"No, indeed, Annabel, I have not seen one girl in all New York to compare with you. I am not so ready to cast off an old friend. My cousin's intimates were most singular specimens of friendship, envious of each other, trying to outvie each other in dress, in style, and in their admirers; we never did that Annabel, so you see I could find no one in the great city to take your place."

After Rose had been at home a few weeks, there came a letter from Isabel telling her how much she had missed her, and complaining of not being well.

"Mary Tremaine sends her best love, and Jane desires to be especially remembered; I cannot write much, for I am under the care of Dr. Benton, and staying out of school."

Rose was troubled, and wondered if Isabel's mode of life had not brought on this state of health. In a few more weeks, a letter came from Mrs. Roscoe, stating that Isabel was dangerously ill, with a slow, wasting fever. "She longs for Cousin Rose," said the mother, for Isabel had found that a sick room was not the place for such butterfly friends as those she had chosen.

"What is our duty, dear?" said Mrs. Delaney to her husband.

"Rose must go," was the speedy answer, "it is clearly duty; who knows

what her ministry may accomplish in her cousin's sick-room."

In about two months from the time of her return home, she found herself again in the city of New York.

"You have come, dear Rose. I knew you would," said her cousin, as she held out her wasted arms to receive her.

Rose was shocked at the great change. Isabel had almost lost her beautiful hair, her eyes were hollow, her bloom gone, her flesh and strength wasted.

"The fever is broken, Rose, but Dr. Benton says that I need kind nursing, cheerful company and fresh air just as soon as I can ride."

"I am so glad that you sent for me, Isabel, I can read to you, and take such good care of you—but where is Ida

Nevins? does she not come to sit with you?"

"No, indeed, the sick-room does not suit Ida; she sends to inquire daily, and often sends me flowers, but that is not like having some one to sit by me, to bathe my head and hands, to speak kind words, and read pleasant books, as you will, dear."

Rose bent over her sick cousin, and pressing a kiss upon her pale lips, said,

"I will not leave you, Isabel, until you are well enough to go home with me. I am sure that the pure air and sweet quiet of Rockdale are just what you want." Turning to her aunt, Rose continued, "You need not send any one to help me to take care of Isabel, aunt, I am going to be her nurse; she is brighter already, and I

know that she will soon be well enough to go back with me to Rockdale."

Many little delicacies found their way to Isabel's room, by Rose's directions, for she had often heard her mother give orders about nice things for the sick; and when Rose stood by her cousin's bed-side, with blanc-mange served in pretty French china, a delicate jelly in rich cut glass, or barbacued chicken, served on a silver waiter, Isabel was tempted to eat by the smiling nurse, and daily improved under her gentle ministry.

Every morning, it was Rose's hands that superintended Isabel's toilet—washing her face and hands, smoothing the short brown hair that remained of all its former luxuriance, putting on her nice dressing-gown, and then seating her in her comfortable easy chair.

Drawing up her little table, she would place the bouquet of fresh flowers from the conservatory, near her cousin, and then giving her a sweet, morning kiss, she would say, "Now, Isabel, we are ready for the reading; you look better every day, dear; I think by next week, we shall begin the rides."

"Thank you, dear Rose, what a comfort you are! it does me good just to look at you; so fresh! so bright! so loving! Do you know that I sometimes envy you your happy lot. I wonder if I shall ever be so happy."

"You may, Isabel, if you only learn to give up your own will wholly to the will of God; you will then know what perfect peace is."

"These are such new thoughts, Rose, but they have visited me very often since I have been sick. There

was a time when I thought that I should never be well, and many an hour have I laid awake, wondering what would become of me, if I should die."

"These are blessed thoughts, Isabel; do not drive them away, dear; they are whispers from the Holy Spirit, and are sent to lead you to Jesus."

"That is just what I have thought, Rose, and have often prayed for light to show me the way to him."

"Shall I read one chapter, dear Isabel?"

"Yes, Rose, do."

Dr. Benton called soon after, and expressed great satisfaction at the sight of Isabel's bright eye, and returning strength.

"I think, Mrs. Roscoe, if it is a fine day to-morrow, Miss Isabel may take

her first ride ; it must be a short one, not more than half an hour, at first, and add a quarter of an hour daily."

It gave Rose delight to dress her cousin next morning, for the ride, and to see her carried down in the arms of Patrick to the carriage ; Rose and her aunt accompanied her ; she bore the ride well, and came back, not exhausted, but really refreshed. A glass of port-wine, and some light biscuit were ready for her, and Rose soon placed her comfortably in bed, and watched her while she slept.

Sweet thoughts filled her heart, as she sat by her cousin, for there were indications of the coming of spiritual as well as bodily health.

CHAPTER XIII.

ISABEL AT THE PARSONAGE.

ROSE had been several weeks at Aunt Roscoe's, acting as the gentle nurse, and daily the steps of recovery were visible in her cousin Isabel.

Longer rides, brighter tints in the swelling cheek, beams of returning light in the dark eye, increasing strength in the elastic step, and cheerfulness of spirits, all were so many indications that Isabel might soon be removed to the pure air of Rockdale parsonage. Preparations were hurried forward, and Mrs. Roscoe accompanied the girls in their journey.

Their arrival had been anticipated. Mrs. Delaney had prepared the best room for her niece, and had hung the pure white curtains before the windows which were so prettily graced outside by clematis and sweet-briar. She had spread the best white counterpane, removed the most comfortable rocking-chair, with its soft cushions, to the invalid's chamber, filled the vases on the mantle-piece, with fresh flowers, brought out her pretty toilet-set for the neat dressing-bureau, and spread the handsome afghan, (her last Christmas gift from some of her parishioners) upon the little lounge.

Standing in the middle of the room, Mrs. Delaney smiled at the work of her own hands, and though none of the style of the Fifth Avenue was visible, there was an air of rural com-

fort and taste, that she was sure must please even Isabel Roscoe.

The table spread with its fresh white bread and sweet butter, its delicious fruit and cream, and its neat service were all in waiting. When the carriage drove up to the door, Isabel thought that Rockdale parsonage was really an inviting little home, Aunt Delaney a very lovely lady, the dear little parlor a perfect gem, and her own dainty chamber, a real young lady's bower.

She was wearied with her journey, and Cousin Rose, laughingly styling herself nurse in charge, and seating Aunt Roscoe affectionately by her mother's side, said, "Now, dear aunt, I know that you must have a great deal to say to mamma, talk away to your heart's content, while I run off

with Isabel; she has had enough excitement for one day; so bid mamma good night, dear, like a good child," said Rose, laughing.

Early next morning, Isabel was awaked by the singing of birds around her window.

"I don't wonder that you love this pretty home," said the young lady, looking out upon the neat grounds so well kept, and so tastefully arranged.

"I shall have a great deal to show you," said Rose, "but you must rest two days before I allow you to take a ride. I have brought you here to recover all your health, dear, and nothing shall be done to prevent that."

Isabel was soon ready for breakfast, and when in the family room, there was such an indescribable air of comfort and peace breathing all

around, that she really felt as if devotion must be holy in that consecrated room, and bowing before the mercy-seat, joined heartily in the family prayer from the lips of dear Uncle Delaney. Then the morning hymn, led so sweetly by Rose, bore her emotions from earth heavenward. Time rolled on very harmoniously at Rockdale parsonage. Every day Rose continued her Bible readings in her cousin's room; and pleasant hours were passed by the two young girls, as they often discussed the truths which were read from the sacred volume. On the following Sunday, Isabel paid her first visit to the village church. The ringing of the bell on the quiet Sabbath air, the sweet singing of the birds on the trees around the sacred edifice, the aspect of the villagers on

their way to the house of God, the earnest prayers, the simple music and the heart-felt gospel, preached by the dear pastor, all made deep impressions upon the heart of Isabel Roscoe.

The holy love beneath the family roof, the utter absence of worldly, selfish aims, all spoke volumes. Isabel was rapidly learning the secret of Rose Delaney's happiness, and long-ing day by day, to be a partaker of such hopes, a sharer of such holy joys, and heaven-directed aims. The air of arrogance and conscious power was daily giving way to a deportment of humility; for Isabel felt that she was in the presence of superiors, and was willing to acknowledge the fact.

This consciousness imparted softness to her manners, tenderness to her

voice, and threw around her an atmosphere that touched and drew all hearts to the young heiress. Frequently she sought her uncle's study, and many pleasant hours were spent by the two, Isabel in asking, and Mr. Delaney in imparting truth to the eager listener.

"Do you know, dear uncle," said she, "that Rose was the first one who ever led me to think what true piety is? I used to look upon her with perfect wonder; when all the girls at school, and many young acquaintances were dying with envy, there was my little country cousin, as serene as a May morning; stopping to admire my numerous treasures, as so many objects of beauty, but never a thought of envy had she. Sometimes I used to feel really angry, uncle, but at last

I began to ask what was the secret of Rose's conduct."

"Are you finding it out, dear?" said the pastor, with a warm smile.

"I think I am, uncle, since my sickness; these vanities have seemed like nothing at all in comparison with the peace that Rose enjoys. I am thinking, too, about the stewardship, and the account to be given of all our wealth when the Saviour comes."

Uncle Delaney was a faithful guide to his niece, and daily was she learning from him lessons of heavenly wisdom which will guide her young footsteps to the feet of Jesus. Just as her hopes of heaven became brighter, her enjoyment of simple things became fresher, sweeter—the pretty garden, the rural walks, the village church, the picturesque scenery, the

pleasant rides were all so many sources of delight. Aunt Roscoe was gratified at Isabel's improvement; and the love which now exhibited itself in word, look and action, was the source of her mother's wonder as much as of delight.

The parishioners were glad to testify their love of their pastor, by kindness to his guests; and many a basket of fruit, nice poultry, fresh eggs and vegetables found their way to the minister's table.

Isabel often accompanied Rose in her walks among the poor, and now her purse was always open to the many cases which she found upon which to exercise her new spirit of active benevolence.

CHAPTER XIV.

"OLD THINGS HAVE PASSED AWAY,"

ROSE and Isabel are seated this morning in the pretty chamber, at their usual reading hour, and are in a mood for a pleasant, social chat.

"Do you remember, Rose, the day you reached our house? you had not a very hospitable reception, dear."

Rose smiled as she replied, "Let us forget all that, Isabel, the present is so very different."

"No, Rose, it is well that I should remember it. I was so vain and haughty then; but you surprised me not a little, my good cousin, at the in-

difference with which you regarded the style of the Fifth Avenue."

"You are not so much surprised now, Isabel, since you have seen the dear parsonage."

"No, Rose, I have seen more pure, heart-felt happiness in your dear, little nest of love, than in all my whole life before; I know something now of Rose Delaney's secret."

"What do you say to a ride to-day?" said Rose, "papa is going to visit one of his parishioners, 'old Mary of the mill.'"

"Which way shall we go?"

"Over a most beautiful and picturesque country, to see one of God's own saints, Isabel. She is a perfect picture of holy contentment; mamma has some clothes to send, and papa will drive us after dinner."

After an early dinner, the three started, accompanied by little Mary Bell. Over hilly roads, by the side of a beautifully-shaded stream, among rocky, romantic scenery, the party traveled on to their destination. Stopping at length, Mr. Delaney fastened old Bob to a tree, and handing the young ladies out, said, "Here is 'old Mary of the mill,' for that is what we all call her. I deem it quite a privilege, Isabel, to visit the aged saint."

Knocking at the door of a very humble dwelling near the mill, the response came in an aged voice, calling out, "Walk in." On opening the door, they found the old woman sitting near a window, spinning, while everything around was neat as hands could make it.

"Take a seat, Mr. Delaney," said

the old Christian ; " be seated, young ladies ; I am so glad to see you," and the old woman handed chairs to the party.

" Where is Betty ?" inquired Rose, looking around for her grand-daughter.

" She has gone to the mill, to get her wages," was the reply ; " she will be here in a moment."

" How are you getting on, Mary ?" inquired the pastor.

" Very well, and happily, thank the dear Master ; I have had but one bad spell this winter ; then I thought that the old house was crumbling, but it pleased my Master to keep me here a little longer, and I am well contented to bide his time."

" Have you been provided with comforts, Mary ?"

"More than I deserved, sir; sometimes only bread and water, but that makes the promise good, it has always been sure."

"You have had no dark seasons, then, Mary?"

The old woman smiled, as she replied,

"How could that be, when I have joy unspeakable, and a hope full of glory?"

"Mrs. Delaney has remembered you, Mary," said the pastor, as Rose opened her basket, and brought out a comfortable dress, some stockings, a new cap, a good pair of shoes, and some groceries.

"Thank the Master again, sir; for it is he that put it into your kind lady's heart, to remember old Mary."

"She thinks it a great privilege, my

good friend," said the pastor; "for it is the cup of cold water given in the name of a disciple."

"It will have its reward, my dear pastor," said the old lady.

Isabel and Rose both thought of the hoary head, and the crown of glory, as they looked upon the silver locks of good old Mary.

Isabel longed to give her something, but there was so much of dignity about the old woman, that she could not take the liberty, and whispered her wish to Mr. Delaney.

"Mary, here is something which my niece wishes to give you, for the Master's sake, to do just what you will with."

"Thank you, kindly, Miss; I have everything I want now; and this will be something for the Lord's cause."

Just then, the door opened, and a young girl in very humble, but clean attire, entered.

"How do you do, Betty?" was the pastor's kind salutation.

"Quite well, I thank you, sir," she answered, as she dropped a respectful courtesy.

"Grandmother seems quite well," said the pastor; "I have never seen her look better."

"She is well now, sir; but she had a sore time in December; one of her very worst attacks; I did not think that she would ever be any better; and then for two days, we had no fire; but grandmother never complains; not even when we had nothing but dry bread and water."

"Why did you not let me know,

Betty? one of the Lord's people must not be allowed to suffer."

"I could not leave grandmother, sir; and I could find no one to take a message."

"I will see to that, Betty; I shall leave directions with the miller's son, so that such a state of affairs can never happen again; go to him always, and he will come for me."

After further conversation, and a very earnest prayer, the party left, Isabel deeply impressed by the lesson taught by "Old Mary of the Mill."

"God bless you all," were the old woman's last words; and they followed Isabel all the way home, and whispered round her pillow as she sank to sleep.

On another occasion, their drive led

to the cottage of a poor woman, who worked in the factory not far off.

“You will see here another sweet instance of piety, Isabel,” said her uncle; “but this time, it will be a suffering child; poor little Robert, our crippled boy; he has been afflicted for five years, never having left his bed without being lifted, all these weary years; he is now about twelve years old, but the loveliest instance of childish piety that I have ever known.”

Just then, the carriage stopped before the door of a lowly cottage, with a small porch covered with sweet-briar.

On entering, a girl of sixteen was in attendance upon her brother, for the mother was away all day at the factory.

The room was very poor, but ex-

tremely neat; the bed nicely spread, and on the window-sill, a box of mignonette, heliotrope, and a daily rose.

Propped up by pillows, and supported by a chair across the bed, was the pale, suffering boy; he looked no older than a boy of nine; his face was withered and sunken, but his eyes beamed with the light of a hope full of immortality, whilst around the pale lips, lingered a smile that spoke of love, and perfect peace, and resignation.

On one side lay a small Testament, and on the other, a little tray, with a small wooden basket nearly finished, a number of wooden chips, and a pen-knife, with which he had been cutting.

"How are you, Robert?" asked the pastor.

"As well as usual," said the boy, "and very happy; I am a little tired

just now, for I have been trying to finish my basket to-day, for a lady that was here last week."

"Have you many things on hand?"

"Yes, sir, quite a number," was the reply; "bring them out, Susan," said the boy, speaking to his sister.

And Susan produced a number of wooden knives, little baskets, a wagon, and several little toy tubs and buckets for children.

"Do you sell these, Robert?" eagerly inquired Isabel.

"Yes, ma'am, I am very glad to sell them."

"And what do you do with the money?"

"It is all the Lord's, miss; he is so good to me on this sick-bed; he sends me so many friends, and comforts me

so constantly, that I can never do enough for him."

Isabel's eyes were full of tears, as she thought of her useless life of folly, and the patient, loving toil of this crippled child.

"I want several of your pretty toys," said the young lady, and she laid aside a wagon, two tubs, two buckets and two knives, laying down a five dollar note for the purchase.

"Susan, get the young lady her change," said the boy; "the wagon is fifty cents, the tubs, twenty-five cents each, the buckets, twelve, and the knives six; that is one dollar and thirty-six cents, Susan."

"I do not want any change," said Isabel; "I want you to make me four little tables, and four baskets, against I come again."

"Thank you, ma'am, you are very good," said little Robert.

Isabel was learning every day lessons of practical piety, and this had been a most useful one.

"What in the world are you going to do with so many of Robert's toys, Isabel?" said Rose, as smiling, she looked at her purchases.

"Have you forgotten the Children's Home, Rose?" said her cousin; "these are the very things for them."

"That is true, Bell, they will delight the children, so it will do good in two ways; first, to Robert and the cause he loves, and then to the little children."

"Don't forget a third, Rose; it will do most good to me. I cannot tell you how I felt when I looked at the poor, emaciated boy, propped up in

bed, amidst his poverty, to do good to his fellow-men, and then thought of my own useless, miserable life."

"The poor boy shames us all, Isabel, for he never loses sight of this one great object, in the midst of the greatest suffering, and he does suffer sorely sometimes."

"Rose, I have lived more really since I came here, than during whole years of my life; if we are to measure time by events, every thing here teaches such different lessons from all that I have ever learned before."

"May they never be effaced, dear Isabel."

"I trust they will not, Rose, for it was not man, but God who brought me here."

Rose often looked upon Isabel's bright face, and wondered if it were

really the same vain and selfish girl that she had known for the first time last September, and Isabel, herself, was ceasing to wonder at her cousin's spirit of serene contentment, as she was beginning to taste of the same satisfying pleasures.

And so the summer wore on. The cousins have learned to love each other tenderly; and the return of health to Isabel's cheek, while it makes Rose happy, also warns her that the time is coming when they must separate; Isabel, to return to her home, and Rose, to remain among her quiet duties.

"You will write to me very often, Rose," said her cousin, when the time at length arrived for her return to New York.

"Yes, Bell, I must hear regularly

once a week ; I want you to attend upon Mr. Morton's ministry ; he is such a true, faithful guide, and is just the one for you ; will you promise me, dear, that you will go there ?”

“That is what I intend, Rose ; and I know that mamma will let me do just as I please.”

It was with lively regret that Isabel bade farewell to Rockdale, for there she had learned lessons of holy wisdom, that will follow her through life.

“How I shall miss the pretty grounds, and these sweet clustering vines,” said Isabel, as she seated herself by the chamber-window, and put aside the thin curtain to smell the fragrant flowers. “I shall never smell clematis, or sweet-briar, without thinking of the dear parsonage, Rose, for I never knew anything of real domestic

love till I came here; and the thought of all my former life is like a painful dream."

"What will Ida Nevins say to your new resolutions, Isabel?" asked Rose.

"She will ridicule them, pronounce me a bore, and cut my acquaintance," said Isabel, with a quiet smile.

But the parting words were spoken; and Isabel turned her face to the gay metropolis, whilst Rose remained to bless her home circle.

Isabel's health was perfectly restored, and her parents were too happy in her complete recovery to think of crossing her will in any of the little whims, (for so they termed them,) which she now seemed pleased to indulge. Consequently, no opposition was made to her choice of a new pas-

tor, and her desire to worship in an humbler church.

Miss Hart hailed the hopeful signs in Isabel's new life, and good Miss Gibson extended a strengthening hand to the young disciple. Ida Nevins was suitably shocked at her folly, and Mary Tremaine surprised at her kindness of manner, for Isabel remembered her as Rose's friend. Some silly ones professed themselves disgusted with her sanctimonious ways, as they were pleased to call them; but Isabel walked quietly forward, for she was learning by her own blessed experience, Rose Delaney's secret, and could well afford to be slighted by mere butterfly friends.

CHAPTER XV.

ROSE'S SECRET DISCOVERED.

FOR several succeeding winters, Rose spent the season in New York, for the purpose of perfecting herself in the science of music, both on the organ and piano; and good Mr. Morton watched with joy, the silent progress of Rose's influence in her uncle's family.

She has one darling project in her young brain, which she hopes at no distant day, to bring to pass; for she is now an accomplished musician, and looks forward to the day when she can aid her father, by the exercise of her talents.

She has just returned from one of these visits ; and after the joy of reunion is somewhat sobered, with a smiling face, she hands a paper to her father, desiring him to read its contents.

It is a certificate from her distinguished instructor in music, testifying that Miss Rose Delaney is fully qualified to give instruction in the science of music, few of her age having taken so thorough a course, as this gifted and industrious pupil.

“ Now, papa, I want you to give your consent to a plan that I have to propose, and it is this ; that you will allow me to gather a class of pupils to instruct on the piano, that I may aid my dear parents in their efforts to support the family.”

Mr. Delaney looked very grave, for

a few moments, and then replied, "Have you considered, Rose, how it will engross your time, and what demands it will make upon your patience?"

"I think I have, papa; but your health is not robust; I am healthy and cheerful; it will be not only a duty, but my highest pleasure to aid you; will you not consent?"

"Do what you think right, Rose; I doubt not that God will bless your efforts, my dear child."

Her first pupil was Helen Dacre, a dear little girl, of decided musical talent; her own sister, Mary Bell, was another; then Mr. Hollins sent his daughter, Lucy, and Mr. Sherwood sent Maggie.

Rose set to work in right good earnest, and it was soon manifest that

the teacher was one of more than ordinary ability. Miss Rose Delaney's class grew rapidly, and all around the neighborhood, it came to be esteemed a privilege to be one of the number.

Several of the girls and boys had fine voices, and Rose conceived the idea of training them for the choir. It was a happy thought; and every Saturday afternoon, four girls, and the same number of boys, assembled at the rectory for that purpose. It was considered quite a high day for the young folks, for they always stayed to tea, and enjoyed a delightful evening with dear Miss Rose.

Once a month, their parents came in the evening, and the music at Rockdale church soon became celebrated in the neighborhood.

It was to Rose Delaney a source

of the purest pleasure; for she had the consciousness that she was actually repaying the devotion of her parents, by the substantial aid that she was able every three months to place in her father's hands.

The good man did not tell Rose that there was always a portion laid by for herself, with reference to days that might come to the family at the rectory.

Isabel pays her annual visit to Rockdale, and continues to exhibit decided marks of a spiritual change in her whole character.

It is summer again, and Rose is in daily expectation of a visit from her cousin. When, at length, the carriage stopped before the gate, Rose ran out, delighted to meet the traveler; for she

saw Isabel looking out eagerly from the carriage window.

"I am so glad that you have come just now," said the young lady, "for we are preparing for a pic-nic party to the woods; all the Sunday-scholars are going, and we are to have some good music, Bell."

"When will it take place?"

"We go to-morrow," was the reply, "so you must have a good night's rest, that we may be up in time."

Bright skies, sweet singing birds, and the fragrance of flowers ushered in the morning. Clad in her simple summer costume, Rose looked fresh and lovely as her name, as she led the way out to the carriage, which was to convey them to the woods.

Isabel was surprised at the sight of pillows in the carriage; and looking

inquiringly at Rose, asked, "Where is the invalid?"

"You will see, dear," said her cousin, "after I land you safely under mamma's wing."

The spot chosen was most lovely,—the woods lay by the side of a clear stream of water, that went rippling and singing along; and just here, the green sward on an elevation was peculiarly smooth and green, for the trees had been somewhat thinned, and rustic tables and benches were stretched under their shady branches.

Chairs were provided for the minister's family; and after seating Isabel with her mother and Mary Bell, Rose and her father drove off.

In a short time, the carriage returned with poor lame Robert; for Rose had determined, that if it were

possible, he should spend one happy day in the fresh green woods.

She had provided a very long crib, where, propped up by pillows, and extended on a soft bed, the boy could enjoy all that was going on. And Robert did look very happy, for it was one of his well days; and a serene and quiet smile rested upon the pale features all that bright summer day.

The children all had something to bring to little Robert; one, a flower, one, a bunch of soft green moss; one, a nice cake, and another, a book of pictures; it was a bright day to the boy; and these kind offices, so trifling in themselves, made the day joyous to all, for one drop of happiness offered to him, brought two to the givers.

“Where are you going, now?” said

Isabel, as Rose entered the carriage again.

"I am going for another visitor," said Rose, as smiling, she drove off.

In about an hour, she returned with "Old Mary of the Mill," and her grand-daughter.

"This is a general gathering," said the young lady, "and we cannot do without you, Mary."

Rose busied herself in obtaining a good seat for the old woman; and when all were seated, the singing commenced. The choir performed admirably; and here, under the shade of the green trees, the smiling skies, and amid singing birds, the children passed a happy day.

In the middle of the day, the dinner was spread out upon the tables; and

Rose took good care of old Mary and little Robert.

As she moved about so cheerfully among the poorest, Isabel thought of the passage from the Saviour's teachings:

"But when thou makest a feast, call the poor, the maimed, the lame and the blind: and thou shalt be blessed: for thou shalt be recompensed at the resurrection of the just."

Isabel contrasted this pretty picture, where Cousin Rose was the chief actor, with some of the vapid gaieties that had formerly occupied her time; and she could easily guess which was the loser in the comparison.

Annabel Dacre was Rose's helper in all the festivities; for nothing had ever marred the holy friendship of these young hearts, bound so sweetly

together by the dearest of all bonds, a mutual hope in the promises of the blessed Gospel.

"Did you ever see a more lovely Rose than ours?" said Annabel to Isabel Roscoe, as they watched her motions among the children.

"No, truly, Annabel, she is so unselfish,—I have seen her, too, under such different circumstances, when she was surrounded by everything that would excite envy in unrenewed natures; and yet, I have never seen the smallest taint in Rose Delaney."

But summers, however happy, pass away, and Isabel returned at the appointed time to her home.

She is still her parents' darling child; they are most happy in the consciousness, that while the glitter of worldliness is passing away, the

beauty of holiness is dawning upon their daughter; they do not yet know it by that name, but its power is felt in Isabel's earnest desires for improvement, in her filial devotion to their happiness, in the unselfishness which is casting out, day by day, her former idols.

She is learning Rose Delaney's secret; and the same sweet smiles of calm, inward joy, are lighting up Isabel's lovely features, and shedding sunshine around her home. And it is reaching the hearts of the parents. The "*Charity which envieth not,*" has conquered the reign of worldliness in Aunt Roscoe's home circle.

THE END.



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